

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1869.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY
CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Programme includes Mendelssohn's Overture to "The Wedding of Camacho" (First time in England), Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, etc. Vocalists—Mdlle. Carola, Madame Patey-Whytock, and Mr. Patey. Pianoforte, Mr. Franklin Taylor. Conductor, Mr. Manns.
Admission, Half-a-Crown; Guinea Season Tickets, free. Reserved Stalls, Half-a-Crown.

EXETER HALL.—"MESSIAH."—MONDAY, 22ND.
—PASSION WEEK PERFORMANCE BY NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN.—Principal Vocalists: Miss Arabella Smyth, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Denbigh Newton, and Mr. Lander. Organist, Mr. J. G. Boardman. Tickets, 3s.; Stalls (numbered and reserved the whole evening), 5s., 10s., 6d., 2s. Offices: 14 and 15, Exeter Hall (First Floor).

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MR. W. H. TILLA (Pupil of Signor SANGIOVANNI, Maestro di Cant. del Conservatore, Milano) has the honour to announce that he will give a

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ON **TUESDAY, 30th APRIL,**

(And will sing for the first time in St. James's Hall since his arrival from Italy) on which occasion he will be assisted by the following Artists:—

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All letters respecting engagements to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR. GREENHILL begs to announce his **FIRST CONCERT** for MARCH 18TH, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS. Vocalists—Messdames Robertine Henderson, Emmeline Cole, Erna Steinhagen; MM. Carter, Greenhill, Carl Stepan, Christian, and Maybrick. Pianoforte—Mr. Walter Bacon. Conductor—Signor Randeegger. Tickets to be obtained of Messrs. L. Cock & Co.; and Mr. Greenhill, 1, St. George's Terrace, Kilburn.

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MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone) will make his First Appearance, since his return from Italy, at Mr. Henry Leslie's Concert, at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, March 18th, when he will sing Gounod's Cantique, "NAZARETH." All communications relative to Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, etc., to be addressed care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. MAYBRICK will sing March 17th (Morning) Beethoven Rooms, and (Evening) St. James's Hall; 18th, Beethoven Rooms; 19th, West Ham.—Address, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) begs to announce that he will return to Town for the Season in Easter week.—1, Beauchamp Walk, Leamington.

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing Ascher's popular song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at his Matinée at Leamington, March 17th, and at Myddelton Hall, March 19th.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS (Tenor) requests that all letters relative to Engagements for Oratorios and Concerts be sent to his residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. ARTHUR KENTCHEN (Baritone) will be at liberty to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Ballad Concerts, etc., after March 1st. Communications to be addressed to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENNIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

MISS THEED respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry that she continues to give instruction in Singing and the Pianoforte, at her own residence, or at the houses of pupils.—5, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS ELLEN HUNTER (Pupil of Mdlle. ROSE HERSEE) will sing "A DAY TOO LATE," at Greenwich, March 17th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing—15th Inst., Marlborough; 16th, Newbury; 18th, Beethoven Rooms; 30th, Shepherd's Bush (*Messiah*); 31st, Birkbeck Institution; April 1st, Hulsead (*Messiah*); 15th, Guildford; 20th, Greenwich; May 11th, Stoke Newington (*Judas Maccabeus*); 27th, Store Street Rooms.—19, Newman Street, W.

MISS ABBOTT will sing BENEDICT's popular song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in aid of the Funds of the Victoria Hospital, at Chelsea Vestry Hall, on March 31st; and at Mrs. George Dowell's Concert, St. James's Hall, April 15th.

MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE begs to acquaint her Friends and Pupils that she is now free to accept engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Lessons, etc.—22, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE will sing "A DAY TOO LATE," at Town Hall, Birmingham, THIS DAY, March 13th.

RANDEGGER'S popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), will be sung by MADAME EMMELINE COLE, M. GREENHILL, and Mr. ORLANDO CHRISTIAN, at Mr. Greenhill's Concert, Beethoven Rooms, March 18th.

In the Press,

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FROM THE ANTIPODES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—My attention has been called to a leading article in your issue of so long a date back as the 1st of February, 1868, containing a review of Mr. George Tollhurst's oratorio, *Ruth*.

For some time past it has been my intention to write an account of the present state of music in Australia, and to transmit it to you for publication. Various causes have prevented my doing this, but the article in question contains so much misapprehension as regards Australia itself, and so much want of knowledge as regards the progress of our art here, in Sydney and Melbourne, that I can no longer remain silent, and I take the earliest opportunity, since I read the article, of replying to it.

Quitting the immediate subject of this article for a short time, I, as an adopted son of Australia, object to the premises laid down in your first paragraph. With due deference to your superior knowledge of this part of the world, as balanced against my experience of seven years residence in it, I must say these lines contain in a small compass an amount of ignorance perfectly astonishing, and the display of which the slightest enquiry from many Australians now resident in England, such as Mr. Tollhurst, Mr. Farquharson, or Mr. Winterbottom, &c., &c., would have prevented.

The charge of "standing on our heads" is no doubt funny, but, as you live also at the Antipodes to us, we may exclaim, "*tu quoque*." The oft repeated remark about the "kernels of certain fruits" growing outside, applies to one particular genus only, which is quite inedible, if not poisonous; and, as the country is more opened up, it is fast dying out. If the pretty legend of the "Tea fried with butter" applies to Australia, all I can say is, it has no foundation here; for when Captain Cook landed in 1770, his passengers and crew must have used tea in the ordinary manner, and have instructed the aborigines to do the same.

The great drawback to anything like a recognition of civilization among us from the mother country, is the entire ignorance on the part of the English Press and public of our geographical and social position. One of our most learned judges, the *Mecenas* of the Colony of Victoria, was Chief Commissioner of the Exhibition of 1862, in London. When he returned I asked him what the Duke of Newcastle (then Colonial State Secretary) thought of Victoria. His reply was—"I do not think the Duke of Newcastle knows where Victoria is. He thought Ballarat was a sea-port town, and that Adelaide was within sixty miles of Melbourne."

Ballarat is the capital of the gold district of Victoria, and ninety miles inland from Melbourne. Adelaide is the capital of South Australia, 500 miles from Melbourne! Now if a statesman and minister of the Crown, who must have all sorts of maps at his command, can make such mistakes, we here can hardly wonder at others doing the like.

But why not learn? Why not ascertain that Melbourne is a magnificent city, containing 126,000 inhabitants; that its streets are wider than any in London, except Portland Place; that it is lighted and paved, and supplied with every possible convenience the richest or the poorest man can desire; that the shops are as good as in Regent Street; that churches of all denominations worship free from all restraint; that we have theatres, schools of art, public libraries, picture galleries, magnificent botanical and public gardens, choral and philharmonic societies (of these anon), warehouses equal to those of Glasgow and Manchester; in short, every want that man in religion, in art, and domestic comfort can require is to be found in this city, the first stone of which was only laid thirty years ago.

And yet we are savages? yes—savages, who from 1851 to 1866 have sent you 31,731,844 ounces of gold from Victoria alone, representing a money value of more than one hundred and twenty million pounds sterling (more than an eighth part of the national debt of England), and in addition to this, a hardly less sum has been sent from New South Wales. Savages, from whom you have also had millions of bales of wool. Savages, to whom you are crying for your daily meat. Savages, who in Melbourne and in Sydney can give you as fine performances of oratorios, operas, symphonies, &c., &c., as you can hear in any provincial city in Great Britain, without London assistance.

All I have said of Melbourne applies with equal force to Sydney. This city is of much older date than its sister, and various circumstances, not necessary nor agreeable to allude to, have rendered it a somewhat less "go-ahead" place than Melbourne.

Nevertheless it is a grand place, and its situation is acknowledged to be unrivalled. I have spent many pleasant months here, and have received the greatest public and private kindness. I have not yet seen Adelaide or Hobart Town, but though much smaller than the two great cities I have visited, I hear that, relatively, they are equally flourishing. Such is a very hasty and imperfect sketch of what is to be found in Australia's capitals. I trust it may be read by the unenlightened.

I have no wish to blame your critique on Mr. Tollhurst's oratorio. On the contrary, I grieve to say that before he left Melbourne, I warned him against attempting a production of *Ruth* in England. I made his acquaintance soon after my arrival in Melbourne, and, after I had become conductor of the Philharmonic Society, in that city, he made an application for the performance of *Ruth* at one of the concerts. As usual, the work was referred to me; I took the score home, and gave it my earnest attention for a fortnight. I endeavoured to find every possible reason for its performance, but in justice to the society who must have gone to large expense in its production, and in justice to myself, who must have directed it, I was compelled to advise its rejection. Previously to doing so, I wrote a long letter to Mr. Tollhurst, in which I besought him to withdraw the work, and to write something in which I could concur, and offered my experience and knowledge for his acceptance. All in vain. He took a few theoretical lessons from me, and I was glad to find the germ of much better things in his mind than *Ruth*. My report to the society went in, *Ruth* was rejected, but produced at a public performance in Prahran (a suburb of Melbourne), which is doubtless the one you allude to. I did not conduct this, but subsequently, at a concert given to Mr. Tollhurst on his departure from Australia, I directed three or four numbers of *Ruth*, merely to oblige the friends of the composer. The result in both cases was the same. Mr. Tollhurst's friends did all they could for him. The chorus and band worked hard, but the Press and, what is worse, the profession gave but one unanimous opinion against the oratorio. In saying this I desire to avoid hurting Mr. Tollhurst's feelings; but, though I have lived seven years amongst "savages," I trust my artistic feelings are not quite blunted. I hope there are those in London who still recollect that during my career there, I had some right to be called a musician—therefore as an artist, I entreated Mr. Tollhurst not to be rash. Charybdis he found in Melbourne. Scylla I warned him against in London. He has rushed on one, and has met the other; and the wind being sown in Victoria, he has reaped the whirlwind in England. But enough of this painful subject; I wish Mr. Tollhurst truly well, and if he reads these lines, I hope he will believe in my sincerity, and that I shall be very happy to meet him again.

A brief outline of the state of music in Melbourne and Sydney must bring this long letter to a close.

There are two principal societies in Melbourne: the Philharmonic, and the Orpheus Union. Since I left, I believe a third has been added, but I am ignorant of its objects. When, in 1862, I became conductor of the Philharmonic, I found a fine chorus of some 300, and a fair band of some forty performers. During my term of office we performed all classes of works: *Messiah*, *Judas*, *Elijah*, *Creation*, *David*, *Comus*, *Walpurgis Night* selections from operas, overtures of every description, *St. Paul*, some local works, *Hymn of Praise*, and the Exhibition music of 1862, which, owing to a mistake in sending vocal scores, I had to orchestrate, and hard work it was. During four years, I conducted thirty-five concerts, upwards of 300 rehearsals, and scored 820 pages of music for a full band. This, with a large private practice, and without remuneration, gave me plenty to do. On the death of my dear friend, Mr. W. G. Dredge, who was the secretary and the life and soul of the society, I had a difference with the committee, and resigned. I was succeeded by Mr. Pringle, and he by Mr. Lee, and both these, my friends, have kept the society in the same efficient state in which, I hope, I left it. I then became director of the Orpheus Union, a society consisting of only a few members, who meet for the practice of part-songs, glees, &c., &c. This society is also, I hear, as flourishing as it was when I left. In addition to these public institutions, I can always command an excellent quartet in Melbourne, and many a delightful evening have we had with Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, &c., &c. In the many suburbs of the city there are choral societies, all more or less creditable, and all contribute to the general good. The greatest musical performances, however, yet held in Australia, were at the time of the Intercolonial Exhibition of 1866-1867. At the opening concert, we had the *Hymn of Praise*, and a miscellaneous second part, of which I enclose a book. By this you will see our choral and

orchestral resources are now greatly increased. This concert took place in the magnificent hall of the new building, 200 feet long, and proportionably broad and high. Five thousand persons were present. This hall, the lower part of stone, the upper a temporary roof of wood, admirable for acoustic purposes, was begun, and made ready for use in thirteen weeks. Are we "savages?"

At the close of the Exhibition, I held six grand festival concerts, which, financially, failed, owing to the enormous expense; but, musically, they did an enormous amount of good. The new Town Hall in Melbourne will be opened in a year's time, and preparations are already commenced for holding a festival on the grandest scale. The hall will be 175 feet, 75 feet broad, and 80 feet high, with an orchestra for 100 band and 400 chorus, and an organ estimated at 8,000*l*. I am busily engaged on a new work for this event. Are we "savages?"

Although not properly belonging to my department of the art, I should not omit to state that every season we have had some excellent opera performances, which have given great pleasure to large audiences. Representations of the *Huguenots*, *Prophète*, *L'Africaine*, *William Tell*, *Faust*, besides a whole host of the English and Italian schools, may sound venturesome to those living in Europe, but I assure you that many a worse performance have I seen in London with singers of our rank; and at all times Mr. Lyster has had an excellent orchestra, and the conductors—Reiff, poor George Loder, Siede, and John Hall—have done great things for Melbourne and Sydney. They are excellent artists.

In private tuition I find the young ladies of Australia quite equal to their English sisters. There are excellent schools in Melbourne and Sydney, and the finest education for both sexes, and all classes can be obtained in these cities without sending the pupils to Europe, which is expensive and superfluous. At present I do not see any signs of an Australian composer, but I hope some day we may have a grand music school, and then latent talent may develop itself. We have some admirable instrumentalists in Melbourne, such as Messrs. King, E. King, A. King, Chapman, Gover, Schott, Siede, Lundberg, Hardman, Howard, Tollhurst (Mr. Tollhurst's father—the Chipp of Australia), &c., &c. Our principal pianist, Mr. Buddee, is unrivalled on this continent. Messrs. Pringle and Lee are excellent musicians; in short, there is nothing in any branch of music that cannot be taught in Victoria and New South Wales as well as in England or Germany. Our vocalists should not be passed over. Poor Sara Flower was at their head for many years. Thy last time I heard her, I conducted *St. Paul* at the Philharmonic. Her health was then failing, but she was a grand ruin with many traces of true artistic greatness. Amongst our Melbourne lady singers, we have Miss Watson, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Ellis, the Misses Easdown, as soprani; Miss Liddle, an excellent contralto; and amongst our tenors, Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Ford; and as our bassi, Mr. Amery, Mr. Angus, and Mr. Richardson, so you see we are not without vocal resources for any emergency consistent with our means. In neither city do I pretend that in performances we can approach the great capitals of Europe; but, let me ask, what is an English musical gathering, such as at Birmingham, the Three Choirs, or Norwich, but a London festival, performed in a provincial town? Therefore, I hold a country not a century old in time, and not half that period in civilization is entitled to enormous credit, for such a power in interpreting music; and although we love our mother country as much as we ever did, we have a right to ask why our endeavours should be despised, and our efforts considered the efforts of "savages?"

The state of music in Sydney is not so flourishing as in Melbourne; I attribute this to the want of concentration. There are many small societies, which, if rolled into one, might produce a great result, but at present I see no chance of so desirable a consummation. Still, we have in Sydney many very clever artists; amongst the instrumentalists: Cordner, Packer, Hill, Rice, Hodge, &c., &c.; and amongst the vocalists: Cordner, Mrs. Cordner, Madame Reilhoff, Miss James, Miss Wiseman, Messrs. Jackson, Fairfax, Egan, &c., &c. Sydney has one great advantage over Melbourne—there is a magnificent organ in the Anglican cathedral. I have given several performances, and have been delighted with the instrument. At present I am organist of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Patrick's, where I have a good organ and a most tractable and agreeable choir, chiefly composed of amateurs. The Protestant church music here, and in Melbourne, is at the lowest ebb. Jackson in *F*, King in *C*, with *Sopra*'s chants, are considered sublime.

Now, Mr. Editor, I humbly beg your pardon for thus transgressing on your space. If you think fit to publish these remarks, they will do much to forward the cause of music in Australia. We are sending you our superfluity of food, gold, and means of raiment, so send us some of your surplus musical talent—I am sure there must be plenty. But let no one come, who, in every respect, is not able to hold his own against those here. I do not ask for your Bennetts, Benedicts, Slopers, Blagroves, or Sullivans; but I do say that if a few instrumentalists and vocalists of both sexes would come out to Sydney or Melbourne, prepared to live on their own capital for six months, they will soon find ample employment, and can further the progress of the art materially.

In conclusion, it may interest those who "remember me," to hear, that with few exceptions, I have enjoyed the best of health. I have made no fortune. In colonial phrase, I have "no pile," with which to return to dear old home, and end my days in peace and obscurity. On the contrary, I have had reverses both domestic and financial, which might have been fatal to some men. On the other hand, I have had my share of good things in the shape of kind, sympathizing, hospitable, helping friends, who, not hesitating to tell me of many failings, have cheered me in my difficulties, stimulated me to further exertion when success has come, and even, when a stranger seven years ago, in illness and sorrow watched over and tended me as though I were one of themselves. No one could do more; let me thankfully acknowledge this Australian kindness.

My public and private engagements have prevented my writing much, but I hope soon, to send home my Exhibition music, a cantata, a mass, a symphony, two overtures, and three quartets, some piano music and songs. All these have been played here with success. Therefore, although no Orpheus, I may claim to have soothed "the savage breast."

To my brethren, who recollect me, I send the heartiest wishes for the New Year. To those who have sprung up since I left, I wish every prosperity. May they never forget that "art is long, life is short." For my own part, I am happy here. I sometimes yearn after the art treasures, and the art concerts, and, above all, after the social and art life with those so infinitely my superiors; but I have chosen my own path, and, I believe, with some pride, that my memory will be cherished in Australia, long after my feeble efforts to promote the progress of our glorious art in this hemisphere have been buried, with their author, in his grave.—Most sincerely yours,

CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY.

J. R. Clarke's Music Warehouse,
Hunter Street, Sydney, N. S. W.
December 31st, 1868.

[We print Mr. Horsley's very long letter because to many of our readers who knew that gentleman in England it will be a welcome communication. We regret to see, however, that residence in Australia takes away all perception of banter. Mr. Horsley could once appreciate a joke right heartily, but now he seems to have lost the power. Does he really believe that we believe that Australia is a wilderness, and that the colonists are painted "savages?" If so, and if he represents colonial opinion about English knowledge of his adopted country, we neither wonder at his vindictive letter nor at the apparition of an Australian *Ruth*.—ED. M. W.]

HAMBURG.—Organ concert of Mdle. Volkmann: Toccata and Fugue, J. S. Bach; air from the *Messiah*, Handel; Prelude and Fugue, E minor; Toccata, D minor, and *Andante* for Cello and Organ, J. S. Bach.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer* has been revived at the Stadttheater, but has met with only a very cold reception. The people here do not seem to be enthusiastic about the Music of the Future.—The programme of the ninth Museum Concert included Schumann's second Symphony in C major, and Beethoven's Overture in C major, Op. 124. Herr Rosenheim, from Paris, played Mozart's Concerto in D minor, with the romance, as well as three pianoforte pieces of his own. Herr Müller performed the *Larghetto* from Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, and a *Tarantella*, by Rossini. At the tenth concert of the series, among the pieces performed were two novelties for the local public: Grimm's Suite in Canon-Form, and Hornemann's overture to *Aladdin*. Mdle. Hauffe, from Leipzig, played Beethoven's Concerto in G major, and Schumann's "Carnival." Herr Pirk, from the Royal Opera, Hanover, sang an air from *Joseph*, and three songs by Schubert.—The members of Rühl's Vocal Association lately executed an oratorio by a Herr Max Zenger. It is entitled *Kain*.

A TRIAD.*

A SKETCH.

(Continued from page 141.)

Prague was swarming with people. The coronation of the Emperor Charles VI. as King of Bohemia had attracted them by thousands, from far and near. One festivity pressed closely upon the other. Among the grandest was the performance of the opera *Constanza e Fortezza*, by the celebrated Johann Joseph Fux, Superior Imperial Chapelmaster at Vienna. Every musician who could possibly manage it was present, for it was worth the journey merely to hear the world-renowned Imperial chapel. Then, too, there was the first performance of the said opera written by the Superior *Capellmeister* of that rare artistic body, a performance, moreover, on a gigantic scale. The lodgings of the vice-chapelmaster, Antonia Caldara, who had undertaken to direct the whole, were scarcely ever free from visitors, some wanting to hear, and others to take part in, the opera. It was a difficult thing to get an admission; the concourse of distinguished and of royal personages was so immense that all the places had long, long since been given away. As, however, the performance was to come off in the open air, and both the instrumentalists as well as the chorus had to be unusually strengthened, the offers of co-operation, when the visitor had adduced due proof of his powers, were, in most cases, gratefully accepted. No less than two hundred singers and two hundred instrumentalists were to take part in the opera.

Our three unknown friends made their way, like others, with a great deal of trouble, to the lodgings of the conductor, Sig. Caldara. The eldest gave his name to the servant who answered the door, telling him that Sylvius Leopold Weiss, from Dresden, accompanied by two brother artists desired to see Sig. Caldara. The servant was not a little surprised when his master, throwing off the wearied, discontented air with which he had for some time received the announcement of fresh arrivals, suddenly started up and looked at him in amazement. The servant had to repeat the message, and his astonishment reached its climax, as Caldara, pushing him hurriedly on one side, rushed to the door, and, dragging the three strangers with a regular shout of delight into the room, folded the eldest in his arms. His visitor was no other than Sylvius Leopold Weiss, the celebrated lautist of the Dresden chapel, well known to Sig. Caldara as the greatest player on his instrument in Europe. It is superfluous to say that his two companions, introduced as Johann Joachim Quanz, and Carl Heinrich Graun, were included in the very hearty welcome accorded to Weiss himself. The three friends were received in every artistic circle with the greatest delight and eagerness. They had no need to trouble themselves anymore about the arrangements for their further stay in Prague, as others relieved them of that care.

The opera of *Constanza e Fortezza* was performed in the magnificent style already noticed. At Caldara's urgent request, Weiss undertook the theorb part, and, as his companions did not wish to be separated from him, they, also, were included among the performers, Quanz as oboist, and Graun as violoncellist. It was, indeed, a festive season, especially for the young men, though they had been connected with the Dresden opera in its prime—a festive season of the most agreeable kind. Performances of the most varied nature were got up, and acquaintances upon acquaintances made. The greatest gain for them, however, was the cordial intimacy which sprang up between them, and led to a life-long bond of friendship.

Weiss (born in 1684 at Breslau), who had attained an age of greater sedateness than the other two, remained at Dresden, where he formed a large number of pupils. He was most popular at Court and with the public, and preserved his popularity to his death, which took place on the 10th October, 1750. All the voices of his contemporaries are inexhaustible in his praise. His expressive style of execution possessed an especial charm, and his power of extemporizing, which was extraordinary, excited general admiration.

His two young friends, however, had still their spurs to win. Quanz (born the 30th January, 1697, at Oberscheden, near Göttingen) had, since 1717, been oboist in the Royal Chapel, Dresden, but, under Buffardin's guidance, applied himself, for his private amusement, to the flute, and also practised composition. After his trip to Prague, he went to Italy; had the advantage of lessons in counterpoint from Gasparini at Rome; and proceeded next to Naples. There, thanks to Hasse, he obtained an introduction to Scarlatti; remained at Naples till the following spring; and then, taking in his route Rome and Venice, where he became acquainted with Leonardo da Vinci, Porpora, and Vivaldi, visited Paris and London. Having returned in 1727 to Dresden, he received an appointment in the chapel as flautist, with a salary of three hundred thalers. In 1728, on the occasion of a visit, in the suite of the King of Poland, to Berlin, he became acquainted with

the Crown Prince, Friedrich of Prussia, and, though compelled to decline the offer of the Queen of Prussia to enter the Prussian service, with a salary of eight hundred thalers, because her husband was averse to the engagement, he obtained permission to go to Berlin once every two years, and give the Crown Prince lessons on the flute. At his request, however, a salary of eight hundred thalers was, in 1733, awarded him at Dresden. During his trips to Berlin, he directed probably the attention of his illustrious pupil to his friend, Graun. The latter had, on the recommendation of Ulrich von König, the Court Poet, left Dresden in 1725, and gone to Brunswick as opera singer (high tenor). By his distinguished talent for composition, he soon raised himself to the post of sub-conductor, and was a great favourite with the Dukes. The Crown Prince begged the Dukes to cede him their singer, and thus Graun—then thirty-four years old—went, in 1735, to Rheinsberg. After the accession of Friedrich to the throne, Graun had to make a journey to Italy to collect an Italian operatic company for Berlin. On his return, he was appointed chapel-master, with a salary of two thousand thalers. It was not till 1741 that Quanz went to reside, with the same salary, permanently at Berlin, where he had to superintend the musical studies of the King, who paid him separately for all his compositions, and gave him one hundred ducats for every flute that issued from his hands—for Quanz himself manufactured flutes from 1739. Quanz had, also, to arrange the King's Chamber Concerts, but was not obliged to officiate in the orchestra.

That both artists were, to their death, the favourites and friends of the great King is well known. He saw, however, both precede him to the grave, as Graun died suddenly, on the 8th August, 1759, and Quanz followed on the 12th July, 1773.

W. LACKOWITZ.

MUSIC AND CHARITY.

(From the "Dublin Evening Mail.")

The sweetest poet that ever sung says—

"Music—Oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well!"

Thus the blessed influences of the divinest of the arts were nobly exhibited in the sums added to the funds of two important charities by the recent performance of a cantata, composed by a gifted lady. In the first instance, 100 guineas were returned to Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital; and in the second, the performance was the main cause of a contribution to the Asylum for Idiotic Children of the munificent sum of £300. Now, the eminent Cardinal, the wave of whose scarlet hat would scatter heretics to the four winds of heaven—if not in an opposite direction nameless to ears polite—would not, by the most eloquent address that he could deliver from the pulpit of the cathedral of his enthronement, draw the same sum of money from the pockets of the faithful; though he were to denounce with unmeasured bigotry an institution founded by benevolent individuals for imbecile children who knew not God, nor in their intellectual darkness could interpret Him in the goodness and beauty written upon the natural objects around them. Let this haughty prelate of a Church which has fostered the arts and used them for her own aggrandizement lay this to heart, and ponder over the good that has been accomplished by a talented woman in the setting to music of sacred themes, illustrating the love of the Creator as manifested in the mission and promises of our Blessed Redeemer. Let his Eminence reflect upon this, and he must confess, though it be in secret, that the genuine influences of Bible religion have not lost their power in this country, and that that which conveys to the hearers, through the medium of lovely melodies and many-voiced harmonies, the pure truths of the Gospel will still awaken a spirit of love for our suffering fellow-creatures, and open the heart to melting charity. Yet, while we feel bound to acknowledge the vast sums collected by music for institutions for benevolent purposes, and the munificence of composers and performers, we must not forget that the art of music is cultivated as a profession, and that the musician follows it, not only for the pleasure of its practice, but as a means of livelihood and a path to independence and wealth. This brings us to the gist of our observations. Mrs. Robinson's cantata, *God is Love*, has been performed on two occasions for benevolent institutions, and the profits of the publication of the work have also been devoted to charity. To be generous is noble; but to be both just and generous is nobler. Therefore we think the gifted authoress would be fairly entitled to a performance of her own composition for her individual benefit; and we make these suggestions in the hope that a committee may be formed of ladies and gentlemen who combine a love of music with a sense of justice, in order to present Mrs. Robinson with the proceeds of a third performance of her cantata. We may say, in closing, that such a committee will be certain of being backed up by the assistance of the general public.

BARMEN.—J. S. Bach's *Passion Music* according to St. Matthew will be performed on the 19th inst.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Rejected Prospects.

Both the Italian Opera-houses have now closed their doors. The scheme of combining the two companies in one having happily fallen through. Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson must, in a greater or lesser degree, have been puzzled as to the best manner of commencing a fresh season in the old style. Neither lost much time, however, and very shortly after the contemplated union of the houses had been abandoned the two prospectuses were issued, Mr. Mapleson being a little in advance of his rival. As, although Mr. Gye was the last to open his doors, he was the first to close them, we will begin with the Royal Italian Opera.

The theatre opened on Tuesday, March 31st, with *Norma*, the same opera as on the same occasion last year, when Madame Maria Vilda assumed the part of the heroine. The place of Madame Vilda was now supplied by Madame Fricci, who, though her voice is not to be compared with the splendid organ of her otherwise ungifted predecessor, is a better singer and a better actress. Again the versatile Madame Lemmens-Sherrington played Adalgisa, and the still more versatile Signor Naudin played Pollio, a part for which even Signor Mario, in his best days, could hardly succeed in winning the smallest amount of sympathy. For *Oroveso*—in lieu of Signor Attri—we had Signor Capponi, who sings louder than Signor Attri, if not so well. The director would do wisely to "shelve" *Norma* until he can meet with a lyric tragedian fitted to revive the interest now no longer felt either in the story or the music. The last such tragedian was Madame Lagrue. To *Norma* succeeded Signor Verdi's latest opera, and perhaps the only one in which he has contrived to be elaborately dull. *Don Carlos*, last year, in spite of all that was done for it by the indefatigable Mr. Harris, assisted by the unsparing curtailments of Mr. Costa, met with at the best a very cool reception; and when Mdlle. Pauline Lucca resigned the part of Elizabeth to Madame Lemmens, what little interest had been felt died out. The cast this year, with one exception—Signor Capponi, vice Signor Baggiolo, in the part of the Grand Inquisitor (no improvement)—was the same as before; but the combined talents of Madame Lemmens (Elizabeth), Madame Fricci (Princess Eboli), Signors Graziani, Naudin, and Petit, as the Marquis de Posa, Don Carlos, and the King, could do nothing for this most prolix of prolix operas, and it was speedily laid aside. *Rigoletto* followed, with Signor Verdi at his best, natural, melodious, and dramatic. In Madame Fioretti, whose third flying visit to London this was, we had a Gilda quite equal to the vocal if wholly unequal to the histrionic requirements of the part, and in Signor Mario, as before, a Duke of Mantua, without peer. Signor Graziani's *Rigoletto* was one of those singular attempts to do what nature has denied him the capability of doing to which this gentleman, whose voice exercises so potent a charm, has of recent years accustomed us; Signor Tagliafico's Sparafucile was more than ever picturesque; and Mdlle. Meyer, a new contralto from Hanover, made a creditable *début* as Maddalena. *Un Ballo in Maschera*, another of those operas in which Signor Verdi has best succeeded, because he wrote in obedience to the impulse from within, followed immediately upon *Rigoletto*, and introduced one of Mr. Gye's new singers, Mdlle. Vanzini, in the part of Oscar, the Page. This lady revealed a soprano voice of agreeable quality united to considerable experience as a vocalist. She was an improvement on Mdlle. Nau, the Oscar of last year, who had a voice so thin in volume that at times it was scarcely audible. *Un Ballo in Maschera* has never in England created the impression to which its genuine merits entitle it; and this can only be attributed to the fact that the character of Amelia, the heroine, has never yet been adequately sustained. With all the talent and persevering industry of Mdlle. Fricci, she is not one of those "first ladies" in whom the audience are greatly interested; and Amelia is nothing if uninteresting. As on previous occasions, the strongest attraction of *Un Ballo in Maschera* was the Duke Riccardo of Signor Mario, which for finish and refinement may compare with his Duke of Mantua. Signor Graziani's Renato was as mysterious as ever and the small part of Ulrica, the Saracen, now confided to Mdlle. Meyer, was vocally superior to, though dramatically scarcely on a par with that of Mdlle. Morensi a season ago. Of *I Puritani* we would rather say nothing. Signor Mario can no longer, by aid of whatever subterfuges, execute the trying music composed originally for Rubini; nor is Madame Fioretti, with all her accomplishments as a vocalist, exactly the sort of person to give the indispensable charm to Elvira; while Giorgio and Ricardo, two lay figures from the outset, were more than ever lay figures as represented by Signor Baggiolo and Graziani—and this not forgetting the vociferous duet, "Suoni la tromba."

The first performance of the still popular *Faust e Margherita* was, with the exception of the *Faust* of Signor Mario, who happened to be in full possession of his means, not remarkably effective. Mdlle. Vanzini unquestionably showed talent; but the remembrance of Mdlle. Patti, Mdlle. Lucca, Madame Carvalho (the French original), and other Margarets, in the same theatre, had made the audience somewhat difficult, and the Margaret of Mdlle. Vanzini was adjudged as no better than the Margarets of Mdlle. Berini, &c., whose very names are unremembered. The Mephistopheles of M. Petit and the Valentine of Signor Cotogni created much the same impression as of yore; nor did Mdlle. Locatelli, another of Mr. Gye's new importations, with a light soprano voice, raise the insipid character of Siebel out of its customary insignificance. But the gorgeous *mise-en-scène* of Messrs. W. Beverley. . . . [The rest of the copy mislaid.—A. S. S.]

Both Italian opera-houses having closed their doors, it is time to add some few remarks to the history of the season, 1868, the major part of which has already been given. So very few novelties have been produced that what remains to be said may easily be comprised in a single article.

Our history of the Royal Italian Opera was brought down to that important epoch of the season when the co-operation of Mdlle. Adelina Patti, now the Marquise de Caux, and Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, who has once more played fast and loose with her manager, had made matters look bright instead of dull. We need not again go through the record of the earlier part of the season, when subscribers were compelled to hear *Norma*, with Madame Fricci as Norma; *Don Carlos*, the last opera of Signor Verdi, and the only one in which he has contrived to be elaborately prolix—a work which no distribution of characters, however efficient, could make interesting, but which at Covent Garden was recommended by about as uninteresting a cast as, under any circumstances, can be imagined; *Rigoletto* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, in either and both of which, although they brought to judgment a new contralto, Mdlle. Meyer (from Hanover), and a new soprano, Mdlle. Vanzini, who played the page in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the only genuine attraction was Signor Mario—and this, in spite of the histrionic aspiration of Signor Graziani to discredit the insinuation generally applied to him, by the familiar motto, *vox et præterea nihil*; *I Puritani*, with an Elvira like Mdlle. Fioretti, and Signor Mario no longer able to sing the music of Arturo; *Faust e Margherita*, with the new soprano, Mdlle. Vanzini, as Margaret; *Robert le Diable*, in which a French bass, M. Conlon, under the Italianized name of Signor Colini (which could neither enable him to change his voice or cast his skin), was anything rather than successful; and *Guillaume Tell*, with another Frenchman—who, disdaining to Italianize his name, came forward candidly as M. Lefranc, and stood aghast before the excessively high pitch of the Covent Garden orchestra; with Mdlle. Vanzini as Mathilde, another of Mr. Gye's new singers, Mdlle. Locatelli, endowed with a thin soprano voice, as Tell's son, Jimmy. All this has been recorded, and we have only to add that MM. Conlon and Lefranc speedily disappeared, and *Robert* and *Guillaume* (the more's the pity) with them, the scene of the resuscitation of the nuns alone from the former being subsequently . . . on various occasions as a spectacle to fill up on week nights, and for the purpose of keeping before the public Mdlle. Dor, a very admirable dancer from the Théâtre de l'Opéra, in Paris, perhaps the director's most valuable new acquisition this year. Nor is it necessary to say a word more about the series of brilliant representations afforded by the welcome aid of Mdlle. Patti in the *Barbiere*. . . . [The rest has been mislaid.—A. S. S.]

A retrospect of the events of the season of 1868 will occupy less space than usual. Never, perhaps, since Covent Garden Theatre was first opened as an Italian Opera, has a season been marked by so little novelties. Mr. Gye, however, may fairly plead that shortly before it was indispensable to commence proceedings he had no expectation of again being called. . . . [The rest has been mislaid.—A. S. S.]

Europe has been long and honourable, and it would be unfair to criticize him severely at a moment of difficulty which he had never contemplated. Nevertheless, a prospectus is a prospectus, and the prospectus for 1868 must be judged exclusively according to its intrinsic worth. On the whole, it must be admitted that the promised arrangements were, as matters go, both varied and liberal. The list of singers . . . [The rest has been mislaid.—A. S. S.]

PROFESSIONALS AT PENNY READINGS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I have no doubt that the evils complained of by your correspondent "Musicus" as regards artists lending their names to Penny Readings, will work its own remedy. Miss Poole, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Pembroke, and Mr. Alfred Baylis had promised their services at the Marylebone Penny Readings, on Tuesday evening last. On their arrival at Providence Hall, where the "Readings" are held, judge of their disgust when they found there was neither piano nor accompanist. Possibly Messrs. Oetzmann of Baker Street "could a tale unfold" as to the piano. Of course all the professionals left immediately, and are not likely to again promise their services to assist at Penny Readings.—Yours truly,

FAIR PLAY.

KARLSRUHE.—The *Meistersinger* has proved rather "a good thing" to those who took part in it here, though it may not have been considered such by all who went to hear it. Herr Nachbauer, from Munich, received 1,200 florins for two nights' performance, on the 2nd and 5th inst.; Herr Levy, the conductor, was presented with a laurel crown and a handsome ring; and, by order of the Grand-Duke, the total receipts of the two performances in question were divided among the regular members of the company. The next novelty will be *König Georg*, an opera, by G. Hürlich, which has already been successfully produced at Freiburg.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

Mr. Henry Leslie is giving a series of concerts at St. James's Hall equal, if not superior, in varied interest to any of those excellent entertainments for which, during many years, the musical amateurs of London have been his debtors. Mr. Leslie is following out the same plan this year as in 1867 and 1868, including in his scheme both concerts of unaccompanied music (part-songs, glees, madrigals, &c.) and concerts in which the full orchestra takes part alone, as in overtures, symphonies, &c., or as adjunct to choral and concerted music. The series is to be limited to six performances, of which three have already been held, each in its way of the very best—so uniformly good, indeed, as to encourage a belief that the fourteenth season will bear favourable comparison with any, even the most brilliant of its precursors.

Although the programme of the first concert contained but one piece new to Mr. Leslie's subscribers, it was a programme of the highest order. The overture, *scherso*, and all the incidental music (that is, all except those fragments mixed up with the dramatic action, which would be unintelligible apart from it) of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ("Mendelssohn's Dream," as it has been not inaptly styled), Mendelssohn's second pianoforte concerto (pianist, Madame Schumann), Beethoven's fantasia, for pianoforte, chorus, and orchestra (pianist, again, Madame Schumann), and Mozart's overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, each exceptionally well rendered, would, without any additions, have been enough to satisfy the most exacting of connoisseurs. But there was still more; and, perhaps, the most striking performance of the evening was the late Samuel Wesley's elaborate motet for double choir, "In exitu Israel," which, it may no less fairly be said, has helped to make famous Mr. Leslie's Choir than that Mr. Leslie's Choir has helped to make newly famous "In exitu Israel." The novelty to which reference has been made was Schubert's sacred cantata, *The Song of Miriam*, described on the occasion of its first and second performances at the Crystal Palace, in November and December last. In some respects the execution of this very original, though very unequal, work, one of Schubert's latest, was more effective under the direction of Mr. Leslie than under that of Mr. Manns, at Sydenham, which must be principally attributed to the superiority of Mr. Leslie's well-trained body of choristers. The accompaniments were those supplied by Herr Franz Lachner, a laborious but essentially dry musician, who could hardly have meddled with any composer to whom his own idiosyncrasy was less congenial. The chief solo singer at this concert was Miss Edith Wynne, who, besides taking the soprano part in Schubert's cantata, gave Mr. Macfarren's canzonet, "Ah, why do we love?" (*Don Quixote*) in her most finished manner.

The second concert was one of the old sort—consisting for the greater part of choral songs, glees, and madrigals, to which the followers of Mr. Leslie most dearly love to listen, and a taste for which in this country Mr. Leslie has done more to foster and promulgate than perhaps any one else who could be named. Here our clever and industrious English musician is no longer treading in the footsteps of the Philharmonic Societies, old and new, the Musical Society of London (which, we hear, is to be resuscitated, with Signor Randegger as conductor), or any other society to which part-songs, madrigals, and glees are comparatively matters of indifference. The concert could scarcely have begun more pleasantly than with the three modern English part-songs by Messrs. Henry Smart, A. S. Sullivan, and Henry Leslie ("Now May is love," "Joy to the victor," and "Daylight is fading")—all good, all heard for the first time in London, all warmly applauded, and the last deservedly encored. It is agreeable to find that we have among us English composers able to emulate with success, and on their own ground, too, the masters of a century or two back, to whom so much of the glory of the English school of music—a school that has existed, exists, and is likely to exist, notwithstanding the affected sneers of foreigners, who in a certain department of art have, at least, never excelled us. To these succeeded an entirely new secular cantata, entitled *Songs in a Cornfield*, words by Miss C. G. Rosetti, music by Mr. Macfarren, which may be described as a tale of romantic reapers, set to music with a great deal of healthy vigour and not a shadow of morbid sentiment. Of course, it is a love story; but that makes it none the less acceptable. It is an idyllic pastoral, about as innocent as the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, only not quite so insipid. It is exclusively for women's voices. We have four reapers, Rachel, Lettice, May, and Marian, the first three of whom, being whole-hearted, can recreate themselves in the field by singing, while the fourth (Marian), who sighs for an absent lover, is unequal to join in their sport. As the reapers are enjoying their noontide repast a swallow sweeps by, which affords Rachel occasion to exhibit her ability as an improvisatrice, in an address to that migratory bird, the argument of which is a regret that the swallow, which disappears with the summer, cannot be followed in its flight to regions where summer is perennial. This rouses up Marian, who, incontinent, gives free expression to her pent-up feelings in song:—

"Deeper than the hail can smite,
Deeper than the frost can bite,
Deep asleep through day and night,
Our delight"—

which we need hardly add is an evident imitation of Shelley's exquisite stanzas:—

"Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone," &c.

The chorus, in answer, rather banter than console Marian, declaring that, if her lover comes back to-day, "he will find her weeping," if to-morrow, "he will find her sleeping," if the day after, "not at all," &c. And so the idyl ends, leaving us just as wise about the issue as when it began. The music of Mr. Macfarren, however, is unaffected and charming from first to last; and Rachel's song, "There goes a Swallow" (given to perfection by Madame Sainton-Dolby, and unanimously encored), is one of the purest airs in the purest English style with which we are acquainted. The cantata, on the whole, was not well performed, although the other solo voice parts, entrusted to Madame Bodda-Pyne and Miss Emma Charlier, were all that could be wished. The chorus was by no means up to the mark; nor could we like the accompaniment of pianoforte, harp, and harmonium, notwithstanding the fact that Messrs. J. G. Callcott, John Cheshire, and J. C. Ward, played their parts extremely well, and that the cantata being intended chiefly for drawing-room performance, an orchestra would be out of the question. Nevertheless, a master like Mr. Macfarren, allowing his new work to be given in public, before a large audience in a large music-hall, might, for his own reputation's sake, have written orchestral accompaniments to serve for this as for other like occasions. We cannot but think that *Songs in a Cornfield* is destined to become popular. If not, so much the worse for music that, without pretension, is thoroughly genuine and good.

Mr. Leslie's third concert was again "orchestral," and opened with a very effective performance of Beethoven's "grand" (truly "grand" symphony in C minor. At this concert Samuel Wesley's "In exitu Israel" was repeated; but its effect was in a great degree weakened by the fact that Mendelssohn's magnificent psalm for eight-part choir ("Judge me, O God") came before it. A finer performance of this psalm was probably never heard, and the enthusiasm created was quite extraordinary. There was no resisting the encore that followed. The conclusion to be drawn is that though the elder Wesley was a great man Mendelssohn was a far greater; and it is not to be denied that whereas "In exitu Israel" is all counterpoint, and of the most ingenious, "Judge me, O Lord," while at least its equal in contrapuntal contrivance, is vastly its superior, not only as music in the abstract, but as music giving expression to the signification of words. At this concert Herr Joachim appeared, and, as usual with him, excited his audience beyond measure. Passing over Beethoven's romance in G, which he has played so frequently, with pianoforte accompaniment (Mr. Leslie judiciously brought in the orchestra) at the Monday Popular Concerts, Herr Joachim's performance of Mendelssohn's one violin concerto was in all respects the most wonderful to which we have ever listened. Execution more faultless, style more grand and classical, expression more perfect, could hardly be conceived. Never was this greatest of all violinists more thoroughly understood and appreciated, never more vociferously applauded and recalled. The last musical performance which Mendelssohn himself heard was this same concerto, performed by Herr Joachim, when a mere boy, in the winter of 1847, at the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipsic. If Mendelssohn (who died a few weeks later) was delighted then, it is difficult to imagine how much more he would have been delighted with a performance so marvellous as that of the other night in St. James's Hall. The solo singer at this concert was Mdlle. Liebhart, who afforded equal satisfaction in "Voi che sapete," and in the "Ave Maria," to which M. Gounod has had the courage to annex the first prelude from John Sebastian Bach's *Clavier bien Tempéré*, as accompaniment. Fancy the most innately German of German musicians dancing attendance on a French composer of operas. On the present occasion the accompaniments were sustained by orchestra and harp *obligato*. The characteristic chorus of Dervishes, followed by the "Turkish March," from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, brought this attractive concert to an end.

At the next (Thursday, March 18) we are to have sacred music exclusively, with Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Sims Reeves as solo singers, and among other interesting an unknown "Magnificat" for double choir by Luca Marenzio, a "Kyrie" by Leonardo Leo, Mendelssohn's Psalm for double choir, "Why rage fiercely the heathen;" a new "Ave Maria" by Mr. John Barnett (composer of the *Mountain Sylph*, *Fair Rosamund*, and *Farinelli*), too little of whose music is heard nowadays; the unaccompanied quartet from Professor Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*; and last, not least, Schubert's setting, for women's voices, of the 23rd Psalm—"The Lord is my shepherd."—*Times*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The selection for last Saturday's concert was as follows:—

Overture, <i>Fidelio</i>	Beethoven.
Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Op. 102	Spohr.
Recit. and aria, "M'abbandoni"	Mercadante.
Hymn, "Hear my prayer, O Lord"	Mendelssohn.
Concertstück in F minor	Weber.
Song, "Father, whose blessing" (<i>St. Cecilia</i>)	Benedict.
Chorus, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water" (<i>The Woman of Samaria</i>)	S. Bennett.
Bolo for pianoforte, Scherzo, No. 2 in B flat minor	Chopin.
Song, "Ah! why do we love" (<i>Don Quixote</i>)	Macfarren.
Overture to Shakspeare's <i>Tempest</i>	J. Hager.

The *Fidelio* overture can never be heard without comparison with the mighty *Leonora*, and the comparison is fatal. That the smaller work is a fine one nobody doubts. As indisputably is Snowdon a fine mountain, but he can hardly think so who is able to call up recollections of Mont Blanc. The *Leonora* overshadows its three companions. Taking the four together we tolerate them but worship it. Spohr's symphony—fifth of the nine he wrote—is an unequal work. The first *allegro* is badly put together. Its themes, the second excepted, are weak when they are not trite; and, though the details are often interesting, by reason of their cleverness, the general effect is unsatisfactory. In the slow movement we have a strong dose of Spohr's most pronounced mannerisms. Rich, luscious, and, therefore, soon cloying harmony, fills every bar, so that the hearer longs for even the veriest commonplace, provided it be simple, as a relief. But while this is true, it is also a fact that the melodies are very beautiful, sufficiently so to be attraction enough without elaborate ornaments. The *Scherzo* is chiefly interesting for its *trio*, a charming subject for wood "wind," accompanied *pizzicato* by the strings. But of more worth than all the foregoing put together is the *finale*. Distinguished by unflagging vigour, and capital themes treated in a style the masterly breadth of which is very welcome after what has gone before, this movement shows Spohr in his best mood. In point of fact it redeems the work. Weber's familiar *Concertstück* calls for no remark, and if we were to express an opinion of Chopin's *Scherzo* it would be anything but favourable. Madame Schumann might easily have chosen works of a higher class and greater interest. She was recalled after both, but the demand for her second re-appearance was not peremptory. Mr. Manns has been once more foraging among the small modern Germans, and the result is Herr Hager's *Tempest* overture. His prize turns out just as ugly as we now expect small modern German works to be, and, moreover, just as ambitious. Like his compatriots in general, Herr Hager tries to depict (with an unsteady hand and bad pencil) a something he but dimly comprehends, and the result is not great. Has he ever essayed a cradle piece? Miss Edith Wynne sang the solo in Mendelssohn's psalm deliciously. More genuine and appropriate feeling in union with perfect execution we have seldom had to admire. Both in this work, and in Dr. Bennett's masterly chorus, the choir was satisfactory to an uncommon degree. Miss Lucy Franklin also sang well, doing justice both to the expressive song from *St. Cecilia*, and Mercadante's fine air.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," March 9.)

Monday night's concert and the performance of Saturday afternoon each commenced with an organ piece, the players being two brothers of the name of Le Jeune, whose proficiency on the instrument, which of all others would seem to be least adapted to children, has frequently been the theme of admiring tongues. These boys have not been overpraised, great as the tributes to their gifts have been. Master Arthur le Jeune—most appropriate of names for so young an executant—played Bach's fantasia and fugue in G minor, on Saturday, with such effect as to win a decided encore; while Master Charles achieved an equal success on Monday night in the same incomparable master's prelude and fugue in A minor. Every passage—pedal as well as manual—in this exceedingly difficult fugue was articulated with surprising distinctness, while there was a breadth in the phrasing which betokened that the childlike form was animated by a man's intelligence. It was curious, indeed, to watch how the quickly moving, cunning little feet brought out peal on peal of harmonious thunder. Master Charles le Jeune, being covered at the conclusion of the fugue with richly-merited applause, returned to the organ seat and played, again without book, a chorale with variations, those for the pedals being executed with really marvellous precision. The organ pieces were followed by Beethoven's quartet in C, the third and the most popular of the famous Rasumowsky set. It is the exquisite *andante con moto*, a stream of living melody, and the graceful minuet that have mostly tended to make this quartet the favourite; but surely the glorious first *allegro*, the spirit of which never quite escapes from the thralldom of the opening

bars of solemn mystery, should commend itself in an equal degree to appreciative ears. The quartet has seldom been more finely played, Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti both distinguishing themselves as much as usual. Mr. Charles Hallé's refined version of Beethoven's sonata in E minor—that which describes in music Count Lichnowski's love affair with an actress—is too well known to need a word of comment. But a concerto of Sebastian Bach for two pianos, with string accompaniment, performed with great spirit by Madame Schumann and Mr. Charles Hallé, demands mention; inasmuch as the favour in which the old contrapuntist is now held shows that public taste in music is moving in a healthy direction. The opening *allegro* in C minor is as full of sprightly grace as of freedom and vigour, and in this respect it may be compared even to Haydn's well-known trio in G, which concluded the concert, and the final Rondo "all'Ongarese" of which is simply irresistible in its sustained vivacity. The singer was Madame Osborne Williams, and the accompanist, Mr. Zerbini.

Monday next will be for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, who has been heard too little of late, but who on this occasion will make amends by playing Beethoven's stupendous Op. 106—the despair of all save the greatest of pianists.

PROVINCIAL.

WINDSOR.—The Windsor and Eton Express, Berks, Bucks, and Middlesex Journal, and West Surrey Gazette, of March 6, 1869, writes as follows about a pianoforte recital given at the Town Hall, Windsor, on Monday the first inst:—

"Thanks to the zealous efforts of our intelligent townsmen, Messrs. Roberts, the musical amateurs of Windsor enjoyed one of the greatest classical treats imaginable on Monday night, at the Town Hall, where Madame Arabella Goddard gave one of her justly famed recitals. The programme was as rich in variety and interest as could possibly have been devised. The first piece was that beautiful and symmetrically planned sonata by Mozart, in B flat, which our great and gifted English pianist was the first to introduce at the Monday Popular Concerts, instituted as far back as 1859, and now holding a position at the head of all metropolitan musical entertainments. How Madame Goddard plays this sonata we need not say. Enough that her eloquent reading on Monday night of the *Andante amoroso* alone, one of Mozart's most expressive and melodious inspirations, would have sufficed to stamp the performance indelibly on the memory of every hearer with ears attuned to harmony. Madame Goddard's next selection was from Mendelssohn, the composer after her own heart, as all her many admirers are aware. From Mendelssohn she chose five out of six of the last book (posthumous) of *Lieder ohne Worte*—that book which she has played oftener and far better, because with far deeper sympathy, than any other pianist, notwithstanding the fact that Madame Schumann and several other renowned artists have also essayed them in public. While each of the *Lieder* was rendered in perfection (the *Presto alla Tarantella* in C being a marvel of close, rapid, and unerring execution), the two that gave the purest musical delight were the *Andante* in G minor and the *Adagio* in D major, which, among the most genuine inspirations of Mendelssohn, were played, as those who remember Mendelssohn's unsurpassed performances would readily own, almost as precisely as he would have played them himself. In her next piece, Weber's sparkling and brilliant *Invitation à la Valse*, Madame Goddard was rapturously encored. Instead of repeating it, however, she substituted, greatly to the satisfaction of the audience, Handel's celebrated variations on 'The Harmonious Blacksmith,' which no one in our time has played so well and no one is ever likely to play better. Beethoven's gorgeous and poetical *Sonata Pastorale* (in D, Op. 28) has long been one of the *chevaux d' bataille* of Madame Goddard, and her rendering of it on this occasion fully justified the praises that have been lavished on her interpretation of Beethoven by the most competent critics of the day. Madame Goddard's last performance was a new and splendid fantasia on melodies from *Der Freischütz*, composed expressly for her by Mr. Benedict. This created a veritable *furor*, and aptly illustrated the familiar motto, '*Finis coronat opus*.' The end of the concert, in short, was worthy the beginning. It is but fair to add that Madame Goddard played upon a magnificent pianoforte, a 'concert grand,' from the manufactory of Messrs. Broadwood, sent down from London by that eminent firm expressly for the occasion. The instrumental music was agreeably varied by songs from Benedict, Mendelssohn, Haydn, and Arne, charmingly given by that promising and talented young singer, Miss Annie Edmonds, who, in 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' one of the most genial of Haydn's genial canzonets, was very deservedly encored. The hearty thanks of musical amateurs in this town are due to Messrs. Roberts for this sterling and delightful entertainment. The sooner we have another such in Windsor the better."

NOTTINGHAM.—A correspondent from this very musical and music-loving town writes as follows:—

"The fifty-sixth, or third concert of chamber music, given by Mr. Henry Farmer, took place on Monday, February 22nd. The gems of the evening were the pathetic *Elegie* of poor Ernst (which Mr. Farmer played with genuine expression and artistic taste), and one of the ingenious and masterly double quartets of Spohr, played with great spirit and *entrain* by Messrs. H. Farmer, Leverton, Kirkby, Woodward, Myers, Allsopp, Selby, and Brousil. The pianist was Mr. Ellis, who played Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 31 (not "29"), and took part in Schumann's quintet in the same key. Mr. J. F. Barnett will be the pianist at the fourth and last concert of this season, when will be performed a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello."

A concert was given by the Robin Hood Rifles on the 3rd inst., of which the *Nottingham Daily Guardian* says:—

"The concert last night by members of the Robin Hood Rifles, assisted by Mr. Pearce, Mrs. T. S. Dobson, Mrs. Pemberton, and Miss Bennett, proved to be one of the most interesting and successful events of the season. The large hall was well filled by a respectable audience. Lieut. Perry (baritone) sang 'The Voice of the Tempest' and Offenbach's 'Voici le Sabre' very successfully. Sergeant H. Gisborne, in his rendering of 'The Death of Nelson,' maintained his position as one of our leading local tenors. Mr. George Pearce was never in better voice. He sang 'Geraldine' and 'The Bay of Biscay' in his best style—a style, we may add, which few professionals can surpass. As regards the ladies, Mrs. Dobson first deserves mention, chiefly because she carried off the palm. Among local singers we have not heard her equal as a contralto. Mrs. Pemberton, with a very pure and limpid soprano, sang the 'Echo song' and the 'Zingara' very admirably, and the accompaniment to the former by Captain Farmer was in itself a treat. Miss Bennett showed herself to be a first class artist. Mr. Henry Farmer's solo on the violoncello indicated very strongly his versatility as a musician, and made many tyros on that instrument envious. The concerted pieces in which Privates Wright and Pries were at the piano, Captain Farmer at the harmonium, and Bandmaster Leverton, violin, were brilliant performances; and the trio in D minor by Miss Bennett (piano), Captain Farmer (violoncello), and Mr. Leverton (violin), was as 'classical' as could be wished. On the whole the concert was so good that it ought to be made an annual event."

SLOUGH.—A correspondent writes:—

"A concert was given at the Literary Institution on Tuesday evening, March 9, under the direction of Mr. O. Christian, of Eton College, in aid of the institution. The principal vocalists were: Miss Blanche Reeves, Mr. C. Booth, and Mr. Christian, assisted by several members of Eton College Choir. The programme included several part-songs and glees, which were exceedingly well given. Among the gems of the evening was a duet for soprano and baritone, 'When the wind blows in from the sea' (Henry Smart), sung by Miss Blanche Reeves and Mr. Orlando Christian with great expression. Miss Reeves was also very successful in 'Tell me, my heart' (Bishop), and 'Thady O'Flinn' (Molloy), both of which had to be repeated. Mr. Christian received a hearty encore in 'The Valiant Knight,' a fine bass song, by W. Kloss, and introduced Maynard's song, 'Homeward Bound' as an encore to 'The Bell-ringer,' and Mr. Booth sang several ballads in good style. Altogether, the concert was very successful. Mr. Blanchett presided at the pianoforte."

NARBERTH.—We read in the *Carmarthen Journal* of Saturday last:—

"On the 24th instant a grand evening concert of vocal and instrumental music was given in the British School-room. The following ladies and gentlemen took part:—vocalists—Miss Rolland, Mr. Henri Harcourt, and Mr. Buse; instrumentalists—Miss M. Davis, Miss Gibbs, Mr. Harcourt, and Mr. Pearson. Miss Rolland acquitted herself admirably; she was accompanied by Miss Gibbs, who also played the 'Bird waltz' very effectively. The pianoforte solos by Miss Davies were rendered in her usual manner; she bids fair to become an accomplished pianist. We are pleased to notice the improvement in voice and style of Mr. Buse. Of the performance of Mr. Henry Harcourt, there is but one opinion; he was vociferously encored. Mr. George Pearson, a professed violinist, gave special satisfaction in his solos, being repeatedly encored. The school-room was crowded in every part by a highly respectable audience. The proceeds of the concert are to be devoted to the funds of the British School."

CHELSEHAM.—St. David's Day was celebrated, as usual, by a grand concert in the Assembly Room. Among other things about the performance the *Looker-On* says:—

"Miss Wynne is, indeed, now, confessedly, the first soprano of the day, while Mr. Cummings, as an English tenor, has very few competitors. To him was accordingly entrusted the introduction of a new song,

entitled 'The Cambrian Plume,' composed by Mr. Brinley Richards, and sung for the first time on this occasion, and that so admirably as to elicit the most rapturous applause and its instant repetition. After the very decided success which attended 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' it required no ordinary courage to undertake a second composition on a theme so nearly approaching in design that popular song, but a well-placed confidence in the strength and fertility of his own powers has enabled Mr. Richards to produce a companion work which, if not destined to achieve such extensive popularity, may yet, as a work of art, claim equal praise. Mr. Cummings also sung 'I cross'd, in its beauty, thy Dee's Druid Water,' and took part with Mr. Lewis Thomas in the favourite duet of 'Flow gently, Deva'—a charming composition, charmingly sung—the latter gentleman likewise singing, in the second part of the programme, 'The worth of true friendship,' which, as Mr. Thomas renders it, never fails to enforce an encore. The choruses were exceedingly well sung, especially 'Come to battle,' and that to 'The Cambrian Plume,' whose gifted author, Mr. Brinley Richards, also took a prominent part in the performances executing in each act a 'Fantasia on Welsh Airs,' with marvellous brilliancy, and being loudly encored on both occasions. The performances concluded, as usual, with the national songs of 'St. David's Day' and 'God save the Queen,' the company all joining in the chorus."

EDINBURGH.—In its notice of *Zauberflöte* at the Theatre Royal, the *Scotman*, of the 5th inst., observes:—

"The performance last night of *Zauberflöte* for the first time in Edinburgh attracted the most crowded and most enthusiastic house of the season. Notwithstanding a few such drawbacks and imperfections as were to be expected, it was a great success, everything going smoothly; and in spite of the bewildering complexity of the story, it was listened to from beginning to end with great attention. Mr. Lyall made himself quite ugly enough to be a fitting representative of the chief of Sarastro's slaves; and acted the conventional negro so to the life that he might have been at the head of a *troupe* of Christy Minstrels. His one solo, 'Regua amor,' was remarkably well sung, and its peculiar semiquaver accompaniment well played. The orchestra, under Signor Arditi, did great justice to most of the music, including the glorious fugal overture."

THE *Scotman*, of March 5, says:—

"A very interesting selection of music was played yesterday afternoon by Professor Oakeley, in the Musical Class-room, Park Place—much to the enjoyment of a large and very attentive audience. It consisted in part of organ music proper, and in part of transcriptions for the organ, the programme including: Organ Concerto in B flat, Handel; Fugue, No. 18, from *Das wohltemperirte Clavier*, Bach; Andante and Minuetto from Symphony in E flat, Mozart; Morceaux from Pianoforte Concertos Nos. 4 and 5, Beethoven; Entr'acte in B flat, *Rosamunde*, Schubert; Allegro marzial (for organ), F. E. Bach; choruses: 'Moses and the children of Israel,' 'The horse and his rider' (*Israel in Egypt*), Handel."

NAPLES.—Signor Petrella's new opera, *Giovanna II. di Napoli*, has been well received at the San Carlo.

MILAN.—*La Forza del Destino* has been produced with great success at the Scala, the artists being Signore Stolz, Benza, Signori Tiberini, Rota, Juncu, and Colonnese. Signor Verdi himself was called on at the first performance twenty-six times. The public were enthusiastic for the work generally, but not indiscriminate in their applause, for the first act passed without a hand, though the composer had been called on three times after the overture. Several separate pieces in the other acts were listened to with glacial silence.—At the Santa Radegonda, Signor Lauro Rossi's new opera, *Gli Artisti alla Fiera*, has been drawing exceedingly good houses since Signor Minetti has succeeded Signor Perella—owing to the indisposition of the latter—in the principal part.

PRAGUE.—Herr Ambros, the writer on musical subjects, has been giving a course of lectures on "Opera from its Commencement down to R. Wagner." At the conclusion of the literary portion of the lectures, some highly interesting and not generally known pieces by Jacopo Feri, Claudio Monteverde, Francesco Cavalli, Aless. Stradelli, and Traetta, were performed. The taste for old music is very much on the increase here, probably on account of the unsatisfactory efforts of the modern school, including Herr R. Wagner and all his disciples. Thus the members of the Bohemian Artists' Association will shortly give a *soirée* of old sacred music, when the programme will consist of compositions by Josquin de Près, Gaspar von Weerbecke, And. Gabrieli, Leonardo Leo, Benedetto Marcello, and H. Purcell. The Bohemian Theatre has adopted a similar course very successfully. While the German Theatre was experimenting with the *Mignon* of M. Thomas, the manager of the former place of amusement was attracting crowds with Gluck's *Orpheus*, Mozart's *Belmonte und Constanze*, and Spohr's *Jessonda*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), MARCH 13TH, 1869.
To commence at Three o'clock.

Programme.

CONCERTO, in G minor, for two Violins and Violoncello, with Double Quartet Accompaniment (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. JOACHIM, SAINTON, and PIATTI (accompanied by MM. L. RIES, POLLITZER, WATSON, ZERBINI, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI JUN., ATWARD, and REYNOLDS) *Handel.*
SONG, "Ave sanctissima"—Miss EDITH WYNN *H. C. Deacon.*
SONATA, "No Plus Ultra," for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Woeft.*
TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "The mighty trees bend"—Miss EDITH WYNN *Schubert.*
CONCERTO, in D minor, for two Violins, with Double Quartet Accompaniment (for the last time this season)—MM. JOACHIM and SAINTON (accompanied by MM. L. RIES, POLLITZER, WATSON, ZERBINI, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI JUN., ATWARD, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI) *Bach.*
CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

TWENTY-FOURTH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 15TH, 1869,
FOR THE

BENEFIT OF MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.
To commence at Eight o'clock.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI *Schubert.*
SONGS, ("Who is Sylvia" } Miss ANNIE EDMONDS *Schubert.*
("The Trout" }
SONATA, in B flat, Op. 106, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in G minor, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Signor PIATTI *Marcello.*
SONG, "Rock me to sleep"—Miss ANNIE EDMONDS *Benedict.*
SONATA, in A major, Op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM *Beethoven.*
CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Chapside; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.
Extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY-FIVE GUINEAS.
Macondo et de la Belle Gaiuse, fille de Remielus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Mungin, dit le Petit Anglais. A perfect copy of this
Macondo et de la Belle Gaiuse, fille de Remielus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Mungin, dit le Petit Anglais. A perfect copy of this
Macondo et de la Belle Gaiuse, fille de Remielus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Mungin, dit le Petit Anglais. A perfect copy of this

DEATH.

On the 7th inst., ADELINE, fifth daughter of CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc., Cantab, aged three years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QUIZ.—We set you right on matters of fact. Mr. Arthur Sullivan was presented at Court, and he has not finished his second symphony. Your remarks are impertinent.

INQUIRER.—"G." is not a lady. Our correspondent no doubt confounds "G." with "M. E. von G."

SPHINX.—The second edition of Mr. Ella's remarkable book is not yet advertised.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1869.

ANOTHER great musical thinker has gone—Hector Berlioz. He died, but a few days since, in Paris, aged 66. His life, in so far as his art is concerned, was one continued struggle. He had ideas which the world could not comprehend, but which, nevertheless, all those who knew Berlioz comprehended well enough. The man and the musician were one. A more earnest man, a musician more thoroughly persuaded of the absolute truth and rectitude of his own adopted convictions, has never existed. It is not now the time to criticize the claims of Berlioz as a composer; but it is especially the time for those who were fortunate enough to be classed among his intimate acquaintance to state, without reserve, that a nature more guileless and honest, an enthusiasm more ardent for all that was great and good, a more staunch and unquenchable hatred of everything that was not genuine than his could not be cited in a summary of what has been attempted and done, time out of mind, for art and for art's benefit. With regard to the man, wholly apart from the musician, to know him was to love him—and this not so much because he was socially attractive and fascinating as because he was good and righthearted to the core, and, before all, eminently sincere. Berlioz, who, whatever views may be entertained about his compositions, was a truly wonderful composer, had this enviable privilege—that even those who may have conscientiously objected to his general notions of music, as revealed especially in his own contributions to the art, could not by any means do otherwise than respect him. Among the dissenters from very much that he took infinite pains to promulgate by example was the writer of these valedictory sentences, who enjoyed the happiness of his close friendship for a long term of years, and, in now recording the fact that he is lost to us for ever, does so with a firm conviction that in the death of Berlioz the world is the poorer by an honest, upright man, and an artist of splendid natural endowments. Had chance willed it, he might have been other than what he was; but such as he was, he will be keenly regretted by all with whom he held frequent and kindly interchange of thoughts and opinions, and affectionately remembered by every one who had the privilege of calling him friend.

D.

MR. COSTA, who has been on a visit to the Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, returned to town on Thursday, for the purpose of conducting *St. Paul*. He leaves shortly for Berlin, by special invitation, to be present at the birthday *fête* of the King of Prussia.

WE learn that Mr. Alfred G. Phasey, the eminent professor of the euphonium, has been unanimously appointed bandmaster to the St. George's Rifles. The office was conferred under very agreeable circumstances. Not only did all the leading members of the band intimate their desire to have Mr. Phasey as chief, but Colonel Lindsay himself announced the decision of the council in a flattering letter. We can only say in reference to the matter that the St. George's band is very lucky.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE Philharmonic Society has moved from the Hanover Square Rooms to the wider arena of St. James's Hall. Some will disapprove, others approve the change. We are neutral. Enough that we love the Philharmonic, and were delighted to see so brilliant an audience at the first concert of the fifty-seventh season of a society which was the earliest to preach the gospel of musical truth among us. The programme was one of the most varied and interesting imaginable. Let it speak for itself:—

PART I.

Symphony in G minor	Woelfl.
Recitative and Air, "Non mi dir"	Mozart.
Concerto, violin	Beethoven.
Scena, "Salve Dimora"	Gounod.
Overture, <i>Euryanthe</i>	Weber.

PART II.

Symphony in A minor	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Pur dicesti, o bocca bella"	Lotti.
Solos, violin	Schumann and J. S. Bach.
Overture, <i>Lodoiska</i>	Cherubini.

Conductor—Mr. W. G. Cusins.

The symphony of Woelfl was a welcome revival. No musician could listen to it without pleasure, for though it is evidently the work of a disciple of Mozart and Haydn, it is also the work of a master. About this symphony Mr. Macfarren—whose erudite and ingenious analytical programmes will enhance the interest of every future Philharmonic concert—gives us the subjoined information:—

"It may be supposed that the work now revived is the 'Symphony * * * Woelfl' announced in the programme of the Society's sixth concert, May 31st, 1813, or else the 'Sinfonia MS. * * * Woelfl' in that of February 13th, 1815, or perhaps that the two were the same, and that this is they; but it can be no more than supposed, for there being no statement of key, no definition of movements in these vague announcements, conjecture is the only evidence. During the author's life, this symphony was printed by Monzani, in Piccadilly, as a 'Grand Duet for two performers on the Pianoforte,' without allusion to its orchestral form. One of the conductors of the year 1822 tells me that it was rehearsed for performance in the season, but withdrawn by the directors in consequence of the condemnatory dictum of the leader of the concert, and, though it has been treasured in the society's library, it has never again been brought forward till now. The repose of half a century has not quelled the fire that animates this masterly composition, nor infused the odour of antiquity into the elaborate but most natural counterpoint which renders every movement a model of part-writing, and gives vigour, strength, and interest to the whole work."

The symphony was well executed, from end to end, under the watchful and intelligent direction of Mr. Cusins, whose orchestra (although the desks formerly confronted by Messrs. Carrodus and H. Blagrove are now confronted by Messrs. Viotti Collins and Buziau) is first-rate in all respects. The reception accorded to this revival of a forgotten masterpiece was not very warm. Nevertheless, every connoisseur in the room was pleased, and the shade of Woelfl (only visible to Mr. Cipriani Potter, and one or two of the initiated) smiled—from the back of the orchestra, over and against the Andersonian screen—a grim smile of half satisfaction. The excellence of the band, and the skill of the conductor, were further exemplified in the very admirable performances of Mendelssohn's glorious symphony (his credential to sit by the side of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven), Weber's fiery overture, and the more "classical" prelude of Cherubini.

Herr Joachim's execution of Beethoven's concerto was what it invariably is—magnificent; his reception what it invariably is—enthusiastic. His solos were interesting. He played the *Abendlied*, in D flat, from Schumann's *Zweites Album*, 12 *Clavierstücke für Kleine und grosse Kinder* (Schumann well represented the latter when he wrote the pieces in question), arranged by Joachim himself for violin solo with orchestral accompaniments, together with the *Loure* and *Presto* from J. S. Bach's sonata in E major, for violin alone.

The *Loure* was played (as at the Monday Popular Concerts) without accompaniments; but the *Presto* which, as all Bachites are aware, was also used as prelude to the *Cantate bei der Rathswaiz* Leipzig, transposed into D, and with orchestral accompaniments added, was so performed by Herr Joachim on Wednesday night, but retransposed to E, the original key, in order to mate with the *Loure*, its precursor. Same playing, same success, same *furor*.

About the vocal music it is enough to say that the airs of Mozart and Lotti were sung, and remarkably well sung, by Mdle. Anna Regan, pupil of Madame Sabatier Ungher (her first appearance in this country), a young lady with a very fine and legitimate soprano voice, of which, or we are mistaken, we shall speedily hear more. The scena from *Faust* was sung by Mr. Vernon Rigby (violin *obbligato*, Mr. Viotti Collins)—how, we need not say.

The second concert is announced for Monday (the old time-honoured "Philharmonic" day), when the symphonies selected are Schumann in C (No. 2), and Beethoven in F (No. 8), the overtures, Mendelssohn's *Wedding of Camacho*, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Madame Schumann is to play Mendelssohn's G minor concerto. By the way, the statement that this will be the first performance of Mendelssohn's overture in England is not exact, seeing that it is to be played to-day at the Crystal Palace. Catch "G." letting any one get the start of him!

THE OPERA.

In the *Daily News* of Tuesday the following note appeared. Our contemporary seems to have special sources of information, but we quote it "under reserve":—

"Would the fashionable and music-loving world grieve very much if, after all that has been said and written of the fusion of the two Operas, the arrangement to that effect were to break down? Not much, we fancy. But if, as we believe, we are correctly informed, this is precisely what has already happened. We might do an unintentional injustice were we to give the explanation which has reached us of the circumstances which have led to this failure. Enough that certain conditions were put forward on the one side which could not be accepted on the other, and that, as the nett result, the public will get the benefits of competition instead of those of monopoly. It is said that Mr. Mapleson will have the great advantage of Mr. Costa's support as conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, which will be ready for opening very early in the season."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A public rehearsal in the Academy concert-room on Tuesday last was very fully and fashionably attended. In the first part an MS. overture, in C, by Mr. Shakspeare (student), was much admired, and increased the hopes entertained of its composer's future. Miss Marian Severn sang "Return, O God of Hosts" (*Samson*) very expressively, as did Miss R. Jewell Pergolesi's "O Lord have mercy." The first movement of Beethoven's concerto in E flat was creditably played by Miss Goode, and Miss Ferrari, of whom we lately had to speak in terms of high favour, more than justified our remarks by her excellent rendering of "In native worth." The second part was taken up by a selection from *St. Paul*, the solos in which were confided to Misses Langham and Christian, Messrs. Shakspeare, Beardwell, and Parry. All the numbers were efficiently performed, and gave marked satisfaction.

MR. GEORGE GROVE has returned to town from Freshwater, where he has been on a visit to the Laureate.

WE understand that Mr. Arthur Sullivan has taken the score of his second symphony, for progress, down to the seat of the Rev. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., in Herefordshire.

WE understand that Signor Schira is no longer connected with the management of the Royal Academy of Music. Every well-wisher to that institution must regret that so distinguished a professor should see reasons for retiring at a time when the aid and counsel of men like himself is peculiarly valuable. By Signor Schira's secession the Royal Academy has sustained a serious loss.

THE NEW HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Over and above those special characteristics which made the old Theatre one of the finest architectural edifices in the world, the interior of the new house will present a striking and magnificent picture. It is in a horse-shoe curve, 70 feet deep from the curtain by 56 wide in the centre line. The whole of the floor will be given up to stalls, covered with cherry-coloured silk damask. The floor will be carpeted, and there will be abundant room for egress and ingress without crowding. The aim, in fact, has been to realize, if possible, one of the most elegant places of rendezvous in the world. The stalls will accommodate 750 visitors.

The new-fangled, ugly system of framing the proscenium more or less in barbaric gold will be abandoned in favour of the real architectural and classic style. By these means the stage side of the new theatre will offer in its outlines and in its rich draperies and decorations a worthy frontispiece to a magnificent theatre. There will be a splendid arch, with noble paintings in the Italian manner, over the stage. The circles will abound with gold fretwork, and medallions containing tasteful designs in colour. The whole interior of the house, indeed, with its rich citron-coloured stalls, its costly carpets, its *faueteils*, and doubling and re-doubling glasses within the boxes, its tiers of gascia of delicate cream-colour and gold, with gleaming mouldings and medallions and lunettes of cherry-colour and purple, each spaced out with bossy brackets and consoles apparently of solid gold, and its new draperies of lustrous silk of the *bouton d'or* rising row above row, and shining with gold chandeliers and sparkling *flammas*, will present an exceedingly rich appearance.

The stage boasts the magnificent dimensions of 61ft. deep, 99ft. wide, and 81ft. high, and will be the finest in Europe. Twelve feet under it is the mezzanine or barrel floor, where the operations of raising or lowering are carried out. It is not intended to have the usual cumbrous, noisy, shifting scenes on the stage at all. Every part of the vast stage, though firm as the deck of a ship, is moveable, and capable of adaptation in a few minutes to the most complex requirements.

Great improvements are to be made in the approaches. Sooner or later, it is proposed to rebuild the exterior elevation of Her Majesty's Theatre, and to make the house an insulated building, standing free in four public ways. The purchases necessary for this great design, which would render Her Majesty's Theatre one of the most valuable properties in London, and the finest opera-house in the world, with its own cost now as it stands, and the acquisition of its extended lease from the Crown of 99 years, would require a sum amounting to £250,000.

The entrance to her Majesty's box will be by a spacious hall and noble staircase. The boxes appropriated to the use of Royal or illustrious visitors will be exceedingly commodious, and they will have, besides their State entrance, a private entrance, with separate stone staircases. Behind the Royal box are ample waiting-rooms, the decorations of which will be exceedingly beautiful. Every possible precaution has been adopted against fire, the risk of which the public may be assured has been reduced to a minimum. It is stated that the house will be handed over to Mr. Mapleson, complete in all points, on the 25th of the present month.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

DEUTSCHER GESANG-VEREIN.—This society gave at Myddelton Hall, Islington, on Monday evening, a performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*. The principal soprano was Mdlle. Charlier, whose voice and rendering of the highly dramatic and melodious music allotted to her, gave marked satisfaction. The exquisite duet, "Ever blessed child, rejoice," and the popular trio, "Hearts feel that love thee," produced their usual impression, the second soprano and contralto parts being sustained by ladies whose voices and capabilities well fitted them for the task. The illustrative verses were effectively declaimed by Dr. Harrar, and the overture and march were effectively played by Herr Cyriax (who also officiated as conductor and accompanist), assisted by three other gentlemen, on two of Broadwood's grand pianofortes. The choruses were given with precision and effect by about fifty ladies and gentlemen, members of the society. *Athalie* was preceded by a short selection in which Mdlle. Charlier sang "Voie che sapete" (unanimously redemanded), and the lady contralto above mentioned gave an air from Gluck's *Orphée* (also encored).

The first of three *soirées musicales* to be given by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance attracted by a programme of uncommon interest. The instrumental selections comprised Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 5. No. 1.), admirably played by Miss Zimmermann and Signor Piatti; Handel's organ concerto in B flat major, adapted for the pianoforte and performed by the concert-giver so as to elicit great applause; and Schumann's trio for piano,

violin, and violoncello (Op. 63.), the very peculiar features of which had every justice done to them by Miss Zimmermann, Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. In addition to these works Miss Zimmermann's sonata in D minor, for piano and violin, was played by the composer and Herr Joachim. The sonata could not have been given under more favourable conditions, and evidently made a very good impression upon the audience. Its movements are cleverly constructed, and show a degree of ability far above the average. The vocal music was supplied by Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Joseph Barnby's Choir. The former sang Randegger's very pretty cradle song, "Peacefully slumber," with admirable expression, and the latter exhibited the result of first-rate training in a selection of part songs, which included two from the pen of Miss Zimmermann.

MADAME SCHUMANN'S first recital took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The programme was full of interest. It opened with Beethoven's Op. 81, "Les Adieux," for the performance of which Madame Schumann was loudly applauded. This was followed by a "Tempo di Ballo" (Scarlatti), and three movements from Handel's *Suite* in G minor. In Mendelssohn's sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, Op. 58, the concert-giver was assisted by Signor Piatti. How two such artists played so fine a work need not be detailed. Both were recalled. Madame Schumann's next solos were two of Schubert's *Moments Musicaux*, Chopin's *Impromptu* in C sharp minor, and her late husband's *Scènes Mignonnes*, which brought the concert to a close. The audience were liberal in their applause (and justly so) throughout. Miss Edith Wynne was the vocalist, and obtained an encore for Sullivan's "Mother's Dream." Mr. Zerbini accompanied.

THE New Philharmonic Society's second *Soirée* took place at St. George's Hall on Wednesday, and was fairly attended. The instrumental selections were Beethoven's quartet in E flat (Messrs. Ries, Folkes, Burnett, and Paque), the same composer's violin and pianoforte sonata in E flat (Madame Eugene Oswald and Herr Ries); Hummel's trio in E flat for piano, violin, and violoncello, capably played by Miss Grace Sherrington (sister to the well-known vocal artist), M.M. Ries and Paque; and a *ballade* by Thalberg in which Mr. J. R. Christian (amateur) made a good first appearance. The vocal selections included Esser's "Gondoliera" (Herr Stepan); "Robert, toi que j'aime" well sung by Miss E. M. Muir, and the duet from *Tancredi* "Fiero incontro." Several part-songs were also given by the choir under Mr. W. Beavan's direction. Mr. T. H. Wright accompanied.

WARSAW.—Herr Tausig intends shortly giving a series of concerts in this town (his birth-place).

MUNICH.—The question whether Herr Lachner or Herr von Bülow is to triumph still remains undecided. Most of our readers are aware that in February, 1868, Herr Lachner requested to be pensioned off, but was merely granted a twelvemonth's leave of absence. Provided with a musical certificate, he has again asked permission to retire, but the Intendant-General, not wishing to lose an artist so long and so honourably connected with this capital, has advised the King not to accede to the worthy *Capellmeister's* petition, but merely to grant him a second twelvemonth's leave of absence.—Mdlle. Mallinger, as well as Herr Nachbaur, will remain here, despite the attempts of other managements to secure them. Mdlle. Mallinger will marry, at Easter, Herr von Düringsfeld.—The concert recently given by the fair young pianist, Mdlle. Cecilia Fernandes, from London, attracted to the large Museumssaal such a distinguished audience as we never saw there on any similar occasion. The proceedings commenced with a trio, by Beethoven, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. Mdlle. Fernandes played with great precision and correctness, exhibiting, at the same time, much manual dexterity, though, perhaps, the intelligence which the works of the great master demand in every detail was not always evident. The blame of this must not be attributed to any want of talent on the part of the fair artist, but to her youth and prodigious vivacity. Perseverance and study, however, can do a great deal where there are unmistakably great natural gifts. Herren Venzl and Werner exhibited in a trio their well known skill. The performance of the remaining pianoforte pieces: *Impromptu* and *Nocturne*, Chopin; *Rondo* in E flat, Weber; and the "Prayer" from *Mosé*, Thalberg, proved that Mdlle. Fernandes possesses great versatility, and could not fail to call forth boisterous applause from the audience. Mdlle. Fernandes threw in a "Concert-Walzer," and thus afforded us an opportunity of again admiring her extraordinary touch, and her command of the left hand in rapid passages. We have not the slightest doubt that, with proper application, Mdlle. Fernandes will take her place among the first artists of the day. Herr Vogl sang, with much expression and feeling, two songs by Herr Hubert, a young and still unknown composer. Mdlle. Johanna Mayer gave two recitations with much good taste and intelligence. Herr von Balow kindly acted as accompanist.

ITALIAN OPERA.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—An advertisement in the theatrical columns of the daily newspapers confirms a rumour, for some time widely circulated, to the effect that the lessees of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatres have decided upon combining their interests and companies, and carrying on the opera, at any rate during the coming season, in the former theatre. Although to the general public and that large section of society who look upon the opera merely as a pleasant lounge on certain evenings of the week, and go there not so much to hear the work given as the singers who interpret it, such a step is of little interest or importance; nevertheless, this attempt to establish a monopoly is a matter of very deep regret to numbers of the supporters and frequenters of both houses, and one of no little significance to the future of Italian opera in London. The general intentions of the coalition management are, pending the issue of the season's prospectus, in a great measure obscure, but this much is known, that the undertaking starts (*absit omen*) with an irreparable loss in the secession of Costa, and that Tietjens, Lucca, Nilsson, and Patti, are among the engagements; the names may be added, with tolerable certainty, of Trebelli, Mario, Mongini, Graziani, and Santley—an imposing list enough. It is further understood that the orchestra will be conducted by Arditi, and the house be open every night of the week. London, they contend, is not large enough to support two operas, and it is, therefore, better to unite all the good singers in one theatre, thus carried on with a fair chance of success, than to continue any longer a useless rivalry between two companies, with the prospect of heavy pecuniary loss. The argument is plausible, but wrong; the rivalry has never been at any time useless, seeing that it has been the means of introducing to the *habitués* a number of great singers who would not otherwise, in all probability, have been engaged, and several compositions which, for the same reason, would not have been mounted; nor, if the congratulatory tone adopted by the directors in the programmes of former seasons is to be credited, not to mention the statements afforded by the Bond Street librarians—no unimportant authorities, to say the least—has the pecuniary loss been invariable, though occasionally great. That London can support two operas during the summer months is certain, but it must be under regulations differing widely from those adopted of late years by the respective managers. Ever since the opening of a second Italian theatre at Covent Garden, in 1847, the rivalry has been a close one, but during the last eight or ten years it has gone far beyond the limits of sound judgment or common sense. The policy of the directors has apparently been to see which could exceed the other in a profusion of promises held out in the season's prospectus, but with very little regard to their fulfilment, and to engage all singers of any Continental reputation, not for the purpose of supplying a vacant place in the company, but to prevent their being caught up at the other house. Consequently, a new state of things arose. Formerly there were only three opera nights in the week, the off-nights being left either for rest or the due preparation of works about to be produced; but employment must be found for these overgrown *troupes*, and accordingly the performances were extended to four, five, and even six nights a week, it being urged, moreover, that having to pay the salaries of the singers engaged, the theatres must be kept open as many nights as possible, in order that the additional receipts might meet the increase of expenditure entailed.

But the adoption of such a system was most ill-judged. An amount of extra work was thus created, falling not so heavily on the leading singers, whose numbers had been so increased, but with overwhelming pressure upon the subsidiary artists, the orchestra, and chorus, who thus repeatedly had to toil through the labours of a long morning rehearsal, the fatigue and exhaustion of which can only be understood by those who have witnessed one, and then within a few hours return, with diminished powers and energies, to their posts for the evening's opera. In the earlier years of the Covent Garden Opera, that theatre was famous throughout the world; it was in fact quite unrivalled for the splendour and completeness of its performances. That the prestige still clings to it is certain, but though the *mise-en-scène* is still as magnificent, the stage management as perfect as ever, it is equally certain that the *ensemble* is no longer so highly finished as formerly, the execution having during the last few seasons sensibly deteriorated owing to the strain put upon the orchestral and choral forces by the immense weight of additional work. That matters will improve under existing circumstances is not very likely; for it is scarcely probable that the old Covent Garden band will continue to hold engagements in a theatre from which their chief has been virtually dismissed, since the mutual good understanding between Mr. Costa and the members of his orchestra is well known. Nor is his successor, Signor Arditi, albeit a most accomplished musician, at all more likely to effect a perfect execution of the operas performed under the above-stated conditions. And yet that London can supply an audience for one nightly opera is evident

enough, for in previous seasons when, through the temporary close of the Haymarket Opera, Covent Garden has occasionally been alone in the field, performances have been given almost every night to houses invariably crowded, which goes to prove very clearly that a nightly opera is not only a desideratum, but a necessity. With artistic squabbles and jealousies it would be discourteous in the amateur to treat, seeing that such things are exclusively the concern of those behind the curtain; but it may be observed that the engagement of such artists as Patti, Nilsson, Tietjens, and Lucca is in truth no subject for congratulation either to the management or the *habitués*, since the *répertoire* of the two former singers would be brought into direct antagonism, and in some degree also that of the latter; witness their impersonations of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. The same argument holds good with respect to Santley and Graziani, Mario and Mongini; and yet supposing these artists consent to sing the same *roles* on different evenings, another rehearsal is inevitable, the undesirableness of which, as implying additional toil for the subordinates, has been already pointed out. Nor does the past history of Italian opera go to encourage any hope that harmony will long be preserved in a *troupe* containing so many conflicting interests. The lessees would far better consult their ultimate chance of success, and at the same time establish an operatic monopoly as far as their own interests are concerned, by coming to some honourable understanding to reduce the size, and consequently the expenses, of their *troupes*, and then bind themselves to open their houses only on the three alternate nights of the week—one house taking the Mondays, Wednesday, and Fridays, the other the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The talents of Tietjens, Nilsson, Mongini, and Santley would then be given fair play in the one theatre, those of Patti, Lucca, Mario, Graziani, &c., in the other, without any unnecessary tax upon their powers; the salaries would be saved of many Continental stars who too frequently prove to be no stars at all, but only expensive incumbrances; and the noble orchestras of Costa and Arditi would also be preserved intact in their old quarters. The adoption of such a system would secure all the advantages of a healthy competition without any of those drawbacks which have hitherto proved so ruinous, and, sooner or later, it will probably be adopted; and looking, moreover, at the amount of wealth and enterprise in London, and the immense spread of musical taste and knowledge among all classes of its population, it is pretty clear that Covent Garden will not long be unopposed; and although the directors may just now "have it all their own way," it can only be hoped that those to whose energy and liberality, notwithstanding all drawbacks, the musical public is very greatly indebted, may not ultimately find reason to regret a short-sighted policy which will have made their latter infinitely more unfavourable than their former position.

Tregulow, Cornwall, March 5.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

CLARIBEL.

(From "The Choirmaster," March 1.)

"Claribel" is dead. The fact will scarcely be accounted of importance in the world of musical art, but the name is one, nevertheless, with which are associated important considerations in reference to our musical position and progress as a nation. For the art life of "Claribel," such as it was, was a great success: taking England through, it is probable that as many folios marked with the pen-name of this lady would be found in the domestic collection of music as would be discovered bearing the names of Handel, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn. All works which attain popularity have at least this use, that they serve as gauges of the taste of the many; and looked at in this light the compositions of "Claribel," while they suggest no special hope, certainly indicate no great cause for despondency. The numerous pieces of musical small-work for voice and piano with which her name is associated, though not entitled to rank many degrees above the zero of commonplace, cannot be denied the merit of uniform elegance and excellent judgment. It was essential to their success that they should not rise much above the average. Had "Claribel" been a Beethoven she would have died in poverty unappreciated, leaving another generation to discover her merits. Fame for the most part is posthumous: the Beethovens, the Handels, and Mendelssohns, die almost before they taste it; the Claribels, the Glovers, and the Richardsees, have a knack of discounting it. The trick is a simple one: they write well, but write down to the level of the many. They thus get a hearing at once; while genius may shiver at the door for half a lifetime. That they do this consciously is probably not often the case. Some men are born with a talent for investing the commonplace with elegance and attraction, just as others are born with the power to create new and noble thoughts. Each class works, perhaps, up to its light; and neither is to be despised.

To name the household word "Claribel" to most musicians is, we know, to risk a sneer or a sarcasm. They are above such music; or if not actually above it, are apt at least to affect to be. Probably in most cases the musician is sincere in professing to take no account of such work. To the even moderately read student it can have no stimulus. The fact remains that it achieves popularity and obtains a hold upon the general public which is

gained neither by that above nor happily by that below it. It was, without doubt, one of the secrets of "Claribel's" success that her work was not too original. Nothing is likelier to put a composer entirely out of court, and place him beyond all contemporary sympathy, than absolute originality. People are not too ready at appreciating novelty, and it helps the ordinary hearer wonderfully if your melodies travel in a parallel to something he has heard before. Probably there is no surer way of catching the popular ear than to suggest a reminiscence without actually making the imitation palpable and unmistakable. In doing this it may be said, without much hesitation, the lady who chose to veil herself with the name of "Claribel" was eminently successful. It would be difficult to say of any one of her songs, "This is a direct plagiarism;" but it would be equally difficult to say that they were original, except in a negative sense; they were original because not actually copies of anything else, while in spirit, nevertheless, they were as little new as could well be conceived. To appreciate the distinction it is only necessary for a moment to mention the songs of Schubert in the same breath with those of "Claribel." It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the difference between the two is almost that between imitation and invention. Schubert created something every time he penned a lyric; "Claribel" disposed the old material in numerous new and agreeable ways.

At this half-imitative half-original work we are great in England; greater probably, in proportion to our creativeness, than any of the music-producing nations of our day. Only give us a suggestive hint, and our composers will work from it in a surprising manner. Handel has supplied the hints for many an English oratorio; and how many an excellent anthem or beautiful part-song has been evolved by an Englishman from the hints of a Mendelssohn we leave it for any one of our readers to answer from his own observation. The result of this imitative elaboration is not by any means to be despised. It may embody a very high degree of inventiveness, though not the very highest. But the English mind does seem, in music at least, to require an external creative impulse to set its peculiar talents in play. For ourselves, we are amongst those who believe in English music as, on the whole, among the best of a kind which is not the highest. Such, without exception, we think, is the music of the two living English composers who would be named as our foremost. Neither of them has written a work of which we could say, "This is great, and there has never been anything like it before;" both will produce you exquisite work if they can catch from an external source the creative hint. That we have not had a certain share of the higher inspiration would be too much to say. Both Purcell and Bishop were true creators of tone-poetry. But on the whole, it does not lie in our mouths to sneer at "Claribel." She had a place not very high in the musical hierarchy, but she filled it well; and not many Englishmen have done more.

Looking at "Claribel" on her strictly musical merits, we may say that she did much to preserve the healthy and simple diatonic character of the English ballad, as distinguished from the *chansons* and *lieder* of France and Germany respectively. But having little modulation, and but few chromatic progressions, her music often gained innocence at the cost of character; only one or two of her graver efforts showing traces of dramatic intensity of feeling. Her accompaniments were usually transplantations of the repeated chords and other feeble inventions upon which the smaller Italian opera writers float their melodies, and which lay no inconvenient tax upon the drawing-room pianist. Occasionally, however, "Claribel" returns to the more solid manner of Arne and our best English writers, by giving a four-part chord to the substantial notes of her melody. In rhythm she seldom ventured beyond the orthodox simple divisions into four and eight bar sentences. On the whole, however, it may be said that worse music might have permeated English drawing-rooms than that so copiously floated by this lady, and wafted by a thousand puffs to the homes of the young women of the day. Better will certainly not take its place, till a more earnest and real method of teaching the art shall supersede the present system of veneering over the female mind with a thin and polished surface of apparent musical knowledge.

Odd Thoughts.

MR. WILLIAM KNIGHT, the London correspondent of *Le Moniteur de l'Orphéon*, hears things before other people. In his last note on the Sacred Harmonic Society, he says:—

"Nous y avons entendu, la semaine dernière, l'oratorio de Mendelssohn *Saint-Paul*. L'exécution a été parfaite."

For "parfaite" ought we not to read "pas faite."

WANTED, the meaning of this sentence:—

"—she sang very nicely, and in that quiet and lady-like manner which shows a good deal of effective training in the distance."—(*Fidgetty Little Contemporary*.)

Will somebody please explain?

WEIMAR.—Two new operas are being rehearsed for the birthday of the Grand-Duchess, on the 8th April next: *Der Gefangene*, by Herr Lassen, and *Der letzte Zauberer*, by Madame Viardot-Garcia.

SIMS REEVES.

(From the Manchester "Free Lance," March 6.)

One of the best abused men of the present day is the gentleman who happens to be the finest English tenor of this century. Sims Reeves is a martyr to the affection of the public, who will pet him as long as he will sing, and break him on the wheel or spicate him in any other way when he can't or won't. It's all the same to the public, they pay their money and they will have it their worth. For some considerable time past, as we know on the best authority, Mr. Reeves has been suffering from an ulcerated sore throat. Well, what of that, says the public, he could sing if he chose all the same. Anybody with a sore-throat can sing like a crow, and why shouldn't Sims Reeves? He declares that he does not desire to be placed in the same musical category as that sabbie yet interesting member of the feathered tribe, and he adds with something like obstinacy, "I'll be blanked if I sing when I have a sore-throat."

Now at Cheltenham Mr. Reeves was obliged to disappoint an audience in this way, and he returned to his residence near the far-famed Beulah Spa to be nursed. The County Court Judge was called upon to decide a claim made against Sims Reeves or his agent for this unreasonable conduct, and he not only gave a verdict adverse to the singer, but he fined that unlucky fellow £10 because he was absent from the court. This was done in the face of the certificate of a well-known physician that poor Reeves was unable to leave his house—indeed that it would be highly dangerous for him to do so. Now this is not justice but persecution. It is a fact that Mr. Reeves has lost a sum of fifteen hundred pounds in consequence of his inability to fulfil engagements already made. He has only sung in public once since he took part in the *Messiah* in Manchester, last December. It is absurd to suppose that any man would throw away such a sum of money on account of a mere whim. The only fault we find with Mr. Reeves is that he appears to hope against hope, and so does not really make up his mind not to sing until the audience are assembled. When he gives due notice no one has any right to grumble, but it is annoying to have sacrificed an evening for nothing at all, and under such circumstances people are likely to be unreasonable. Look to this Sims, old boy. Take care of your organ by all means, but when it becomes ready, or too much below concert pitch let us know in ample time. Don't try to play into the hands of the music-sellers, and others who get up concerts, but trust to the public who will generally understand and appreciate good faith.

THE MURDER OF THE HYMN.

Under this sensational title, the *New York Musical Gazette* quotes a "high-faluting" article from a paper called the *Advance*. We reproduce the latter part, which, in its way, is superb. "Rock of Ages" has been given out in church, and the people are eagerly expecting a genuine congregational tune, when, to their horror, the quartet choir up aloft start another kind of concoction altogether. At this point we take up the narrative:—

"Oh, it was a distressing spectacle! The half-open lips of the worshippers closed suddenly, and their books too. Disappointment took the place of expectation. Countenances fell. Old saints sank sadly into their seats. The young looked quizzingly round upon the quartet. The frivolous snickered. The sceptics sneered. The worldlings nudged one another and smiled, as if to say, 'Gay, isn't it!' The earnest-hearted were disgusted. The devout prayed instead of praising; asked forgiveness instead of giving thanks."

"The quartet went on with the murder of the hymn—showing, by meriteness of face and tone, their relish of their triumph and the discomfiture of the congregation. The hallowed words struggled bravely but ineffectually with the horrible tune. The mystic sentiment writhed and moaned, as the voice of the gross bass tore it and defiled it. Gentle memories flew shrieking through the edifice, as the frantic solo of the female tenor scratched and slit the face of the holy hymn, until its most intimate friends did not know it from the gaudy musical hag that captivates the groundlings in the sensuous uproar of the opera. Then the whole four of the 'performers,' as if exasperated at the vitativeness of the object of their musical hate, brandished their 'artistic' clubs, and brought them down with terrific violence upon the head of the saintly song of praise. When the organist pulled out a stop, he pulled at the heart-strings of the dear hymn, and when he pushed in a stop, he stabbed a dagger to its vitals. The furious flights of the tenor were the screech of triumph over the prostrate hymn, the surly growl of the bass was a defiant bravado flung by art into the face of adoration. The combined performance was a chorus-shout of glee over the substitution of frolicsome vanity for the beauty of holiness."

"And so with organ, organist, and the blower, with bass and tenor, and treble and alto, with screech, and yell, and hoot, and trill, the choir was victorious. The venerable melody staggered to its last fall. After a most valiant struggle for life, it went down under the murderous hand—a martyr to the 'spirit of the age.' Another pull at the heart-strings, another stab in the vitals, another slit in the face, another grab at the throat, and all was over. The hymn was dead. The quartet rested from their murderous work, with their mouths wet with the blood of this sublime old song of the saints. And as if to enjoy their rest the more privately, or to agree upon their next victim, they closed the cracks in the red curtain, and gathered down behind it."

THE BOSTON MAMMOTH JUBILEE.

A correspondent of the *New York Musical Gazette* gives some particulars of this extraordinary affair, which will be read with interest. He says:—

"The leading topic discussed in our musical circles at the present time is the Great National Peace Jubilee and Musical Festival, arranged to take place here on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of June next. The affair will excel in magnitude anything of the kind ever yet attempted in America, and in some of its features will outdo the Old World. The substantial encouragement its projector, Mr. P. S. Gilmore, is receiving from all quarters, indicates that there will be little difficulty in raising the required amount in season-ticket subscriptions, to ensure a pecuniary success, and as this fact will establish the enterprise on a firm basis, the musical details can be carried out with greater ease and facility. It is proposed to assemble an orchestra of one thousand performers, and a chorus of twenty thousand children from the Public Schools of Boston and the surrounding cities, to carry out the first day's programme, which will be mainly of a patriotic character. The second day is to be devoted to a classical concert, and, in addition to the mammoth orchestra, we are to have an adult chorus, made up of the choral organizations of New England and other places available. Mr. Gilmore has already received letters from all parts of New England, and also from New York State, tendering the services of choirs and musical associations, and Boston alone will probably furnish between one and two thousand singers, including the large chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society. The programme is to include several appropriate oratorio choruses, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The third day is to be devoted to a popular and patriotic programme, and one of the selections for the great orchestra is a peace march, written by an eminent European composer for the occasion, and dedicated to the people of America. On the first and last days, several pieces are to be performed with the outside effects of the firing of artillery and infantry, and the chiming of the city bells, the cannon firing and the bell ringing being done from the conductor's desk by means of electricity. The building in which this great gathering is to be held will be in the form of a Colosseum, five hundred feet long, three hundred feet wide, and thirty-five feet high at the walls, with a canvass roof covering a portion of the space. Seats have been planned for fifty thousand auditors, in addition to the accommodations for the orchestra of one thousand, and the chorus of twenty thousand. There will be twelve entrances, and twice that number of exits. There is already some discussion as to allowing the use of Boston Common as a site for this building, but in the end all objections will without doubt be overruled. If it should be decided to withhold the use of the Common, no real difficulty will be experienced, as there are other available places within the distance of less than a mile. The profits of the Festival—and they are sure to reach a considerable sum, if the sale of fifteen hundred season tickets at 100 dollars each, is sufficient to ensure the success of the scheme—will be distributed among the destitute widows and orphans of those who fell in the late war. The season tickets admit a gentleman and two ladies, with a choice of seats. Mr. Gilmore has had extensive experience in the management of musical enterprises. Once during the war he carried out a mammoth musical demonstration in New Orleans. He collected all the military bands in the Department of Louisiana (then under the command of General Banks), and with the aid of several thousand school children, several regiments of infantry, and a park of artillery, our national airs were given with an effect that must have been positively stunning to the ears of those who preferred to listen to "Dixie" and the like. On that occasion the cannoniers and infantry were directed in their firings by electricity.

DARMSTADT.—A new opera, entitled *Otto der Schütz*, has been produced. It is from the pen of Herr Netz.

GOtha.—A one-act operetta, *Der Herr von Papillon*, by Herr Bial, is shortly to be produced.

HOMBURGH.—Sinfonie Soirée on the Kursaal: Overture "Die vier Menschenalter," Lachner; 1st Finale from *Don Juan*, Mozart; "Am Meer," Schubert; and Eighth Symphony, Beethoven.

LEIPSIC.—Tenth concert of the Euterpe Society: Scenes from *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner; and *Sinfonia Eroica*, Beethoven.

SALZBURGH.—The new comic opera, *Die Liebesprobe*, by Dr. Bach, has been produced with tolerable success.

ANTWERP.—M. Benoit's oratorio, *L'Escaut*, has been produced with decided success.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Herr Alexander Dreyschock is in a very precarious state of health, and, in obedience to the orders of his medical attendant, has gone to Venice.—The Emperor has granted an annual subsidy of 15,000 roubles to the Conservatory of Music.—Madame Alexandroff, from Moscow, has been singing with great success in Glinka's opera, *Russian and Ludmila*.

GENOA.—Signor Graziani, having concluded a highly successful round of performances, has been re-engaged for a few nights more, at the Teatro Carlo Felice.—At the Teatro Doria a new opera, entitled *Graziella*, has been produced and well received. It is from the pen of a young composer, Signor Decio Monti by name.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard is to be the pianist at Dr. Wylde's first New Philharmonic concert.

Herr Wachtel is singing in Vienna, where he has had much success.

Thirty-seven concerts were given in Boston during the month of January.

Schumann's symphony in E flat was performed at the last Concert Populaire.

The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston will perform Costa's oratorio of *Naaman* in the spring.

Signor Fraschini has returned to Paris from Arcachon "in full possession of his means."—No great burden.

Madame Lucea has gone to Tubingue, where she will undergo another operation for the relief of her throat.

Rossini's *Petite Messe* will shortly be performed at Brussels, Liège, Ghent, Anvers, and Mons. Madame Alboni has consented to sing at each concert.

Mr. T. W. Robertson has just completed a five-act comedy for the Gaiety Theatre, entitled *Dreams*. It is in active preparation, and will be produced at Easter.

Madame Rossini has written to M. Strakosch, thanking him and all the artists engaged for their exertions in connection with the first performance of her late husband's mass.

The first performance of *Faust* at the Grand Opéra was thus summed up by a French critic:—"The *mise-en-scène* was of the first, the performance of the second class." Mlle Nilsson made a success of the final trio, but failed to move her audience in the earlier scenes.

Mendelssohn's overture to *The Wedding of Comacho* will be played at the Crystal Palace this afternoon for the first time in England. At the same concert Mr. Franklin Taylor will play Mendelssohn's first piano-forte concerto, and the symphony will be Beethoven's "Pastoral."

Herr Oberthur has left London for Prague to perform at two of the concerts of the Conservatorium of Music. Herr Oberthur will play his concertina for harp (with orchestra), and other pieces of his composition, at the first concert, and Parish Alvars' concerto in E flat, at the second.

Mr. Sims Reeves will make his first appearance this season at Exeter Hall, in the Passion-week performance of the *Messiah*, by the National Choral Society, Monday 22nd. Mr. Lander, the new bass, and Miss Arabella Smyth, the new soprano, will make their first appearance in this oratorio, Miss Palmer taking the contralto part. Conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin.

On Good Friday the *Messiah* is to be produced on a grand scale at the Holborn Amphitheatre. Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Palmer, Herr Formes, and other eminent artists are engaged; with the Cecilia Choral Society, and an orchestra, selected from the two Opera-houses, and including MM. Carrodus (leader), Watson, Paque, Reynolds, Radcliff, Winterbottom, Tyler, Horton, &c. Solo trumpet, Mr. Thomas Harper. The band and chorus will number over 200 picked performers. Conductor, Mr. C. J. Hargitt.

"You will stare," said Horace Walpole, "at a strange notion of mine; if it appeared even a mad one, do not wonder. Had I children, my utmost endeavours would be to make them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor even thought of music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it is the most probable method. It is a resource that will last them their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends upon themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures it is the cheapest. It is capable of fame, without the danger of criticism,—is susceptible of enthusiasm without being priest-ridden; and, unlike other morbid passions, is sure of being gratified in heaven."

In its report of the performance of Rossini's new mass, the *Continental Gazette* says:—

"The grand performance of this great work took place at the Italian Opera for the first time on Sunday last, before a most brilliant audience. The boxes were full from the roof to the pit; the *salle* was one glitter of diamonds under dazzling gaslight—one wave of silk, velvet, satin, and flowers. It was certainly an imposing spectacle; still, to be sincere, this evening was not so satisfactory to a lover of Rossini as the first rehearsal in the same house on the preceding evening. Then the *salle* was as dark as catacombs, lighted only by a few lamps, which served to show up the darkness, and a ray of light which, proceeding from one of the loop-holes in the upper galleries, fell directly on Alboni, Krauss, Nicolini, and Agnesi in front of the stage. The background was completely in the shade, and nothing stood out behind the

principal artists but the marble bust of the departed *maestro*, crowned with a wreath of golden laurel. A few guests and musical critics had been invited, and were dispersed in different parts of the house; their presence was scarcely noticed unless they moved or changed places, and then they had the appearance of figures feeling about in mysterious cathedral shade. Although the choruses at times hesitated, though the artists often sang their parts *mezzo voce*, admiration was sustained from beginning to end, and when the last piece was over, it was like going forth from a sublime reverie into another world. All present met in the outer corridors with evident traces of emotion on their faces."

The *Boston Musical Times* says:—

"Chili is a country of music-makers. The love and instinct of music are diffused through every order of people, from the highest to the lowest. It is said that when Gottschalk was about to give his great concert of three hundred musicians, he made a requisition upon the civil and military bands of Valparaiso and Santiago. Upon their presenting themselves before him, he was amazed to find that not an eighth part of them could read or write, and not a fourth part knew a note or character of music. How was he ever to bring *Tannhäuser*, and the *Prophet*, and *Fidelio* from such total ignorance? But what was his astonishment and wonder when he found that almost entire operas were familiar to them, and that they were able to repeat with accuracy intricate parts of music by hearing them played but once or twice. It may be an incredible statement to many a fair young musician in our own country, but it is no less true, that what is generally styled in the United States an accomplished performer on the piano, would not pass here for a mediocre one."

Alfieri often, before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music: "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music or a few hours after," a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had music played in the room adjoining his study; Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspiration; and music was even necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotion might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue or Massillon, was once found playing on a violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach before the Court. Curran's favourite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together he would forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, in collecting its tones, was opening all its faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.

The *Dublin Daily Express* tells of a very novel operation in musical surgery thus:—

"Some years ago the Countess of Lucan had a barrel organ put up in Castlebar church at her own expense, which has been for a long time out of order and almost quite useless. A harmonium was then procured as a substitute, which also got out of tune and was rendered useless. Mr. W. Robertson, a piano maker and tuner, who came to this town some few months ago, undertook to repair the harmonium, which he did, and then proposed to repair the old organ and connect it with the harmonium, which idea was laughed at. However, he offered his time free of charge unless he succeeded. He was accordingly, allowed to go to work. He took out the barrels of the old organ, and put the harmonium in their place, and connected both instruments together. After about seven weeks' labour, he has now completed a most extraordinary undertaking. The instruments can be performed upon separately or together on the keys of the harmonium. Miss Caroline Stoney performed on the instruments recently during Divine service, and with excellent effect."

We take, as usual, a batch of "waifs" from the *Continental Gazette*:—

"The report that Berlioz is seriously ill has been frequently contradicted, but it is unfortunately correct that this eminent composer is in a very critical state of health. He has the reputation of being a most humorous thinker as well as a distinguished composer and inspired poet; but of late years he has been neglected for some cause or other by his friends. One of them, nevertheless, having lately heard that he was a sufferer called on him, much to the surprise of Berlioz, who, looking up, exclaimed with a mixture of irony and friendship: 'So you come to see me, do you? very kind, but as eccentric as ever, good fellow!'

"Strakosch, on being asked which was the portion of Rossini's mass he liked best, replied: 'The elevation.' 'Yes,' said his questioner, 'the elevation—in the price of tickets.'

"The *Whites and the Blues*, by Alexandre Dumas, cannot be performed before next Saturday at the Châtelet.

"The new tenor, Nicot, who appeared for the first time at the Opéra-Comique, as Mergé in the *Pré aux Clercs*, is not a serious rival for Capoul or Tamberlick. His voice is neither full nor strong, although his style of singing is most effective in *salons*.

"Alexandre Dumas jun. has read the fourth act of *Talion* to the artists of the Menus-Plaisirs. This scene takes place at the house of one of the representatives of the *demi-mondé*, and none but very stylish women of this

description have been engaged for the performance. Strange to say, it was not very easy to select the collection, but by dint of persevering efforts the phalanx is complete. Mdlle. Duverger plays the part of a retired *courtisane* who has sworn to prevent her daughter from following her profession, and, in a grand impulse of maternal affection, tears diamonds from off her child's shoulders, then stamps on them with heroic fury. They are all *stars* fortunately.

"Gounod is completing an oratorio of which he conceived the idea at Rome; the subject is most elevated, and was inspired during one of his frequent visits to St. Peter's.

"A French paper informed the public some time ago that Capoul intended to cut off his moustachios on the 3rd March. By the time this is recorded in our notes the act of vandalism will be accomplished, and we should be glad to know whether the event has caused any particular excitement in the diplomatic, financial, or political transactions of the European capitals.

"As the time approaches for the performance of Victorien Sardou's new piece, *Patric*, the author's nerves are becoming terribly sensitive; he fainted quite away at one of the recent rehearsals, and Mdlle. Fargueil is in some trepidation also.

"M. Raphaël Félix has made a great acquisition in securing Mdlle. Léonide Leblanc for the French Theatre in London. It is hoped the roulette season at Hombourg will not prove more attractive to this appreciative actress.

"A new popular *diva* has made a great sensation at one of the *cafés-concerts* in this capital. Her voice which was quite remarkable before, has become extraordinary by the application of a new method which has imparted into it the sound of a wind instrument. In order to obtain this saxophonic effect she has sung the 'Pompier de Nanterre' and some parts of the Offenbachian *répertoire* in an ophicleide of the largest dimensions."

The Brussels correspondent of the *Sunday Times* (March 7) says:—

"The *Journal Amusant* states that no less a person than M. Perrin, the director of the Grand Opéra at Paris, is in treaty for the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The box-office opened yesterday for a representation to be given by Adelina Patti on her return from Russia at the end of this month. On Friday *L'Africaine* was played for the benefit of the Société Française de Bienfaisance, when there was a good attendance; and repetitions have been given of *Guillaume Tell*, and Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*. The *Pirates de la Savane* has continued to draw at the Parc, and *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière* has been produced at the St. Hubert; for the last two nights there has been *relâche* at this theatre for rehearsals of Offenbach's *Geneviève de Brabant*, which is to be produced to-night with new scenery, and costumes. At the Molière *Les faux Menages* was played on Saturday, and on other nights a vaudeville, *Les Noces de Merluchet*. Concerts have been given at the Kursaal Marugg each evening; on Thursday M. Max. Reichmann and his sister, Madame Amster-Reichmann, gave their farewell *soirée*. M. Reichmann, on being recalled for the second time, gave a performance on the piano in which his foot was brought into requisition as well as his hands. This comic pianist will probably make his bow before a London audience in May.

A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes from Nice thus:—

"The season has been eminently good from a musical point of view. Not to speak of the opera, where Madame Borghi-Mamo has been the chief attraction, there has been a brilliant succession of private concerts. At some of these Sivioli has appeared, whom you know in London better than we in Nice; at others, Oudshoorn, a violoncellist, who consents to bury himself at Monaco, whom we know, therefore, in Nice better than he is known elsewhere, but who, on far higher authority than mine, is pronounced to be an artist of the very highest rank. We have had, too, M. Scuderi, a young Italian violinist of much promise; but whenever this gentleman tries to play anything more recondite than the 'Carnival of Venice,' his local critics—French, I need scarcely observe!—describe him as 'an enchanting sender-to-sleep.' For its courageous protest against this tone and style of thought may be mentioned a very successful concert recently given by Madame Diehl-Mangold, better known to London concert-goers as Miss Alice Mangold. This most charming and accomplished artist had the courage to try her audience with bits of Beethoven and of Bach; and the audience, in which the English predominated, showed that it was not insensible to the higher beauties of the art, interpreted with admirable delicacy and taste, with exquisite feeling and expression."

REGENSBURG.—A performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was recently given by the Oratorio Association; it was, however, anything but first-rate.

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